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The Lightkeeper

By Henry Chappell

Above, below, How the wild winds go
And wrest at my ocean tower;
But safe stand I 'twixt sea and sky
And laugh at their puny power.
They lash with might the breakers white
That fret at my castle keep,
His long race done the fiery sun
Sinks in the west to sleep.

I mark the flight of the wings of night,
Close o'er the restless sea,
And hear the knell of the wave-swung bell,
In its ceaseless monody,
Sowing the brine with jewels divine
The Night Queen rises lone,
And my turret light so clear and bright
Grows pale before her own.

When the storm-god glides o'er the raging tides
And night lowers chill and black,
I send my beam with fiery gleam
Thro' the driving mist and wrack,
Now red. now white, athwart the night
My warning flashes fly
Where in the dark the labouring bark
Might strike and shuddering die.

The Huns, 1914

By Edmund John

Only the bent ghosts of pain, the grey phantoms of fear
Inhabit the desolate streets in the silence, and peer
Out from the charred, blackened windows. No more than the breath
Of the fresh fields shall stir the drawn lips of the dead whose blood dyes
Their own hearths, where from out the spent ashes dim spirals yet rise
Like the smoke of dark incense that burns on the Altars of Death.

All the prayers are stilled; there is blood in the holy place,
And over the lintels, and splashed on the pale, lined old face
Of the dead peasant woman who lies where the hollyhock blows,
And blood on the breasts of the maiden who yesterday smiled,
And blood on the white, broken body of each flower-like child,
Like red wine that is spilled on a petal of some fallen rose.

And blood there shall be on the throats of the devilish throng,
And an eye for an eye, and for every unnameable wrong
Anguish and death and despair shall find out a reward.
Lo, the clamour of battle is calling to all who are men
To succour the helpless, and vanquish and drive to their den
The murdering Huns who have drawn and shall die by the sword.

To the Belgian Rachel

By J. D. Symon

For hero sons in Freedom's vanguard slain,
O Belgian Rachel, proud amid your pain
You had not wept wholly uncomforted
O'er the piled trenches of your glorious dead;
But on your stricken head
The Imperial Moloch heaped a fiercer woe
Passing all human comfort. Who shall know,
O Mater Dolorosa, even in part,
The pang that pierced your heart,
What anguish wild
Smote you, when the fell foe
Slew at your breast the babe and at your knee the child?

In the young summer, glad amid the flowers
Of Ardennes, all unwitting of the Day,
They played, your Belgian children, while the Powers
Of Hell in black array
Massing upon the frontier eyed their prey,
And vowed to hack their way
To mad ambition's goal,
Ruthless to take their toll
Of infant blood, and thus compass a world-wide sway!

Sudden, from out the cloud
Of dust that warped a shroud
Over your borders to the east,
Leapt forth a Beast
More foul and fleet
Than that which in the Labyrinth of Crete
Ravened for youths and maids to crown its yearly feast
Upon your babes he fell—
What tongue or pen can tell
Aright that tale of Hell?

Oh, wounded Mother, none may dry your tears
For those poor martyred innocents that strew
The track of yonder Herod-crew,
Who trod the soldier's name
Deep in the mire of shame,
Who met the mother's agony with jeers
And with their nameless ravishment defiled
The Holy Spirit's holiest shrine, the Child.

No comfort can there be for such a grief
As thine, but all relief
In our poor power, of healing and of rest,
Belgium, we offer to thy heart opprest.
The while Britannia of the indignant brow
Upon thy streaming wounds renews her vow
That her pure sword, arrayed,
Belgium, with thy indomitable blade
And the white steel of Muscovy and France,
Tireless and fierce her point shall still advance,
Scorning the scabbard, till the monstrous birth
Of Teuton lust shall perish from the earth.

James Pethel

By Max Beerbohm

THOUGH seven whole years had passed since the day when last I saw him, and though that day was but the morrow of my first meeting with him, I was shocked when I saw in my morning paper a paragraph announcing his sudden death.

I had formed, in the dim past, the habit of spending August in Dieppe. The place was less over-run then than it is now by trippers. Some pleasant English people shared it with some pleasant French people. We used rather to resent the race-week—the third week of the month—as an intrusion on our privacy. We sneered as we read in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* the names of the intruders, though by some of these we were secretly impressed. We disliked the nightly crush in the baccarat room of the Casino, and the croupiers' obvious excitement at the high play. I made a point of avoiding that room during that week, for the especial reason that the sight of serious, habitual gamblers has always filled me with a depression bordering on disgust. Most of the men, by some subtle stress of their ruling passion, have grown so monstrously fat, and most of the women so harrowingly thin. The rest of the women seem to be marked out for apoplexy, and the rest of the men to be wasting away. One feels that anything thrown at them would be either embedded or shattered, and looks vainly among them for one person furnished with a normal amount of flesh. Monsters they are, all of them, to the eye (though I believe that many of them have excellent moral qualities in private life); but, just as in an American town one goes sooner or later—goes against one's finer judgment, but somehow goes—into the dime-museum, so, year by year, in Dieppe's race-week, there would be always one evening when I drifted into the baccarat room. It

was on such an evening that I first saw the man whose memory I here celebrate. My gaze was held by him for the very reason that he would have passed unnoticed elsewhere. He was conspicuous, not in virtue of the mere fact that he was taking the bank at the principal table, but because there was nothing at all odd about him.

Between his lips was a cigar of moderate size. Everything about him, except the amount of money he had been winning, seemed moderate. Just as he was neither fat nor thin, so had his face neither that extreme pallor nor that extreme redness which belongs to the faces of seasoned gamblers: it was just a clear pink. And his eyes had neither the unnatural brightness nor the unnatural dullness of the eyes around him: they were ordinarily clear eyes, of an ordinary grey. His very age was moderate: a putative thirty-six, not more. ("Not less," I would have said in those days.) He assumed no air of nonchalance. He did not deal out the cards as though they bored him. But he had no look of grim concentration. I noticed that the removal of his cigar from his mouth made never the least difference to his face, for he kept his lips pursed out as steadily as ever when he was not smoking. And this constant pursing of his lips seemed to denote just a pensive interest.

His bank was nearly done now. There were but a few cards left. Opposite to him was a welter of parti-coloured counters which the croupier had not yet had time to sort out and add to the rouleaux already made; there were also a fair accumulation of notes and several little stacks of gold. In all, not less than five hundred pounds, certainly. Happy banker! How easily had he won in a few minutes more than I, with utmost pains, could win in many months! I wished I were he. His lucre seemed to insult me personally. I disliked him. And yet I hoped he would not take another bank. I hoped he would have the good sense to pocket his winnings and go home. Deliberately to risk the loss of all those riches would intensify the insult to myself.

"Messieurs, la banque est aux enchères!" There was some brisk bidding, while the croupier tore open and shuffled the two new packs. But it was as I feared: the gentleman whom I resented kept his place.

"Messieurs, la banque est faite. Quinze-mille francs à la banque. Messieurs, les cartes passent! Messieurs, les cartes passent!"

Turning to go, I encountered a friend—one of the race-weekers, but in a sense a friend.

"Going to play?" I asked.

"Not while Jimmy Pethel's taking the bank," he answered, with a laugh.

"Is that the man's name?"

"Yes. Don't you know him? I thought everyone knew old Jimmy Pethel."

I asked what there was so wonderful about "old Jimmy Pethel" that everyone should be supposed to know him.

"Oh, he's a great character. Has extraordinary luck. Always."

I do not think my friend was versed in the pretty theory that good luck is the subconscious wisdom of them who in previous incarnations have been consciously wise. He was a member of the Stock Exchange, and I smiled as at a certain quaintness in his remark. I asked in what ways besides luck the "great character" was manifested. Oh, well, Pethel had made a huge "scoop" on the Stock Exchange when he was only twenty-three, and very soon doubled that, and doubled it again; then retired. He wasn't more than thirty-five now. And? Oh, well, he was a regular all-round sportsman—had gone after big game all over the world and had a good many narrow shaves. Great steeple-chaser, too. Rather settled down now. Lived in Leicestershire mostly. Had a big place there. Hunted five times a week. Still did an occasional flutter, though. Cleared eighty thousand in Mexicans last February. Wife had been a barmaid at Cambridge. Married her when he was nineteen. Thing seemed to have turned out quite well. Altogether, a great character.

Possibly, thought I. But my cursory friend, accustomed to quick transactions and to things accepted "on the nod," had not proved his case to my slower, more literary intelligence. It was to him, however, that I owed, some minutes later, a chance of testing his opinion. At the cry of "Messieurs, la banque est aux enchères" we looked round and saw that the subject of our talk was preparing to rise from his place. "Now one can punt!" said Grier-

son (this was my friend's name), and turned to the bureau at which counters are for sale. "If old Jimmy Pethel punts," he added, "I shall just follow his luck." But this lode-star was not to be. While my friend was buying his counters, and I was wondering whether I too could buy some, Pethel himself came up to the bureau. With his lips no longer pursed, he had lost his air of gravity, and looked younger. Behind him was an attendant bearing a big wooden bowl—that plain but romantic bowl supplied by the establishment to a banker whose gains are too great to be pocketed. He and Grierson greeted each other. He said he had arrived in Dieppe this afternoon—was here for a day or two. We were introduced. He spoke to me with some *empressement*, saying he was a "very great admirer" of my work. I no longer disliked him. Grierson, armed with counters, had now darted away to secure a place that had just been vacated. Pethel, with a wave of his hand towards the tables, said "I suppose you never condescend to this sort of thing?"

"Well——" I smiled indulgently.

"Awful waste of time," he admitted.

I glanced down at the splendid mess of counters and gold and notes that were now becoming, under the swift fingers of the little man at the bureau, an orderly array. I did not say aloud that it pleased me to be, and to be seen, talking, on terms of equality, to a man who had won so much. I did not say how wonderful it seemed to me that he, whom I had watched just now with awe and with aversion, had all the while been a great admirer of my work. I did but say (again indulgently) that I supposed baccarat to be as good a way of wasting time as another.

"Ah, but you despise us all the same!" He added that he always envied men who had resources within themselves. I laughed lightly, to imply that it *was* very pleasant to have such resources, but that I didn't want to boast. And indeed, I had never felt humbler, flimsier, than when the little man at the bureau, naming a fabulous sum, asked its owner whether he would take the main part in notes of mille francs? cinq-mille? dix-mille? quoi? Had it been mine, I should have asked to have it all in five-franc pieces. Pethel took it in the most compendious

form and crumpled it into a pocket. I asked if he were going to play any more to-night.

"Oh, later on," he said. "I want to get a little sea-air into my lungs now"; and he asked with a sort of breezy diffidence if I would go with him. I was glad to do so. It flashed across my mind that yonder on the terrace he might suddenly blurt out "I say, look here, don't think me awfully impertinent, but this money's no earthly use to me: I do wish you'd accept it, as a very small return for all the pleasure your work has given me, and . . . *There!* PLEASE! Not another word!"—all with such candour, delicacy, and genuine zeal that I should be unable to refuse. But I must not raise false hopes in my reader. Nothing of the sort happened. Nothing of that sort ever does happen.

We were not long on the terrace. It was not a night on which you could stroll and talk: there was a wind against which you had to stagger, holding your hat on tightly and shouting such remarks as might occur to you. Against that wind acquaintance could make no headway. Yet I see now that despite that wind—or rather because of it—I ought already to have known Pethel a little better than I did when we presently sat down together inside the café of the Casino. There had been a point in our walk, or our stagger, when we paused to lean over the parapet, looking down at the black and driven sea. And Pethel had shouted that it would be great fun to be out in a sailing-boat to-night and that at one time he had been very fond of sailing.

As we took our seats in the café, he looked around him with boyish interest and pleasure. Then, squaring his arms on the little table, he asked me what I would drink. I protested that I was the host—a position which he, with the quick courtesy of the very rich, yielded to me at once. I feared he would ask for champagne, and was gladdened by his demand for water. "Apollinaris? St. Galmier? Or what?" I asked. He preferred plain water. I ventured to warn him that such water was never "safe" in these places. He said he had often heard that, but would risk it. I remonstrated, but he was firm. "Alors," I told the waiter, "pour Monsieur un verre d'eau fraiche, et pour moi un demi blonde." Pethel asked me to tell him

who everyone was. I told him no one was anyone in particular, and suggested that we should talk about ourselves. "You mean," he laughed, "that you want to know who the devil I am?" I assured him that I had often heard of him. At this he was unaffectedly pleased. "But," I added, "it's always more interesting to hear a man talked about by himself." And indeed, since he had *not* handed his winnings over to me, I did hope he would at any rate give me some glimpses into that "great character" of his. Full though his life had been, he seemed but like a rather clever schoolboy out on a holiday. I wanted to know more.

"That beer does look good," he admitted when the waiter came back. I asked him to change his mind. But he shook his head, raised to his lips the tumbler of water that had been placed before him, and meditatively drank a deep draught. "I never," he then said, "touch alcohol of any sort." He looked solemn; but all men do look solemn when they speak of their own habits, whether positive or negative, and no matter how trivial; and so (though I had really no warrant for not supposing him a reclaimed drunkard) I dared ask him for what reason he abstained.

"When I say I *never* touch alcohol," he said hastily, in a tone as of self-defence, "I mean that I don't touch it often—or, at any rate—well, I never touch it when I'm *gambling*, you know. It—it takes the edge off."

His tone did make me suspicious. For a moment I wondered whether he had married the barmaid rather for what she symbolised than for what in herself she was. But no, surely not: he had been only nineteen years old. Nor in any way had he now—this steady, brisk, clear-eyed fellow—the aspect of one who had since fallen. "The edge off the excitement?" I asked.

"Rather! Of course that sort of excitement seems awfully stupid to *you*. But—no use denying it—I do like a bit of a flutter—just occasionally, you know. And one has to be in trim for it. Suppose a man sat down dead drunk to a game of chance, what fun would it be for him? None. And it's only a question of degree. Soothe yourself ever so little with alcohol, and you don't get *quite* the full sensation of gambling. You do lose just a little

something of the proper tremors before a coup, the proper throes during a coup, the proper thrill of joy or anguish after a coup. . . . You're bound to, you know," he added, purposely making this bathos when he saw me smiling at the heights to which he had risen.

"And to-night," I asked, remembering his prosaically pensive demeanour in taking the bank, "were you feeling these throes and thrills to the utmost?"

He nodded.

"And you'll feel them again to-night?"

"I hope so."

"I wonder you can stay away."

"Oh, one gets a bit deadened after an hour or so. One needs to be freshened up. So long as I don't bore you——"

I laughed, and held out my cigarette-case. "I rather wonder you smoke," I murmured, after giving him a light. "Nicotine's a sort of drug. Doesn't it soothe you? Don't you lose just a little something of the tremors and things?"

He looked at me gravely. "By Jove," he ejaculated, "I never thought of that. Perhaps you're right. 'Pon my word, I must think that over."

I wondered whether he were secretly laughing at me. Here was a man to whom (so I conceived, with an effort of the imagination) the loss or gain of a few hundred pounds could hardly matter. I told him I had spoken in jest. "To give up tobacco might," I said, "intensify the pleasant agonies of a gambler staking his little all. But in your case—well, frankly, I don't see where the pleasant agonies come in."

"You mean because I'm beastly rich?"

"Rich," I amended.

"All depends on what you call rich. Besides, I'm not the sort of fellow who's content with 3 per cent. A couple of months ago—I tell you this in confidence—I risked practically all I had, in an Argentine deal."

"And lost it?"

"No, as a matter of fact I made rather a good thing out of it. I did rather well last February, too. But there's no knowing the future. A few errors of judgment—a war here, a revolution there, a big strike somewhere else, and——" He blew a jet of smoke from his lips, and

then looked at me as at one whom he could trust to feel for him in a crash already come.

My sympathy lagged, and I stuck to the point of my inquiry. "Meanwhile," I suggested, "and all the more because you aren't merely a rich man, but also an active taker of big risks, how can these tiny little baccarat risks give you so much emotion?"

"There you rather have me," he laughed. "I've often wondered at that myself. I suppose," he puzzled it out, "I do a good lot of make-believe. While I'm playing a game like this game to-night, I *imagine* the stakes are huge, And I *imagine* I haven't another penny in the world."

"Ah! So that with you it's always a life-and-death affair?"

He looked away. "Oh, no, I don't say that."

"Stupid phrase," I admitted. "But," there was yet one point I would put to him, "if you have extraordinary luck—always——"

"There's no such thing as luck."

"No, strictly, I suppose, there isn't. But if in point of fact you always do win, then—well, surely, perfect luck driveth out fear?"

"Who ever said I always won?" he asked sharply.

I waved my hands and said, "Oh, you have the reputation, you know, for extraordinary luck."

"That isn't the same thing as always winning. Besides, I *haven't* extraordinary luck—never *have* had. Good heavens," he exclaimed, "if I thought I had any more chance of winning than of losing, I'd—I'd——"

"Never again set foot in that baccarat room to-night," I soothingly suggested.

"Oh, baccarat be blowed! I wasn't thinking of baccarat. I was thinking of—oh, lots of things; baccarat included, yes."

"What things?" I ventured to ask.

"What things?" He pushed back his chair, and "Look here," he said with a laugh, "don't pretend I haven't been boring your head off with all this talk about myself. You've been too patient. I'm off. Shall I see you to-morrow? Perhaps you'd lunch with us to-morrow? It would be a great pleasure for my wife. We're at the Grand Hotel."

I said I should be most happy, and called the waiter; at sight of whom my friend said he had talked himself thirsty, and asked for another glass of water. He mentioned that he had brought his car over with him: his little daughter (by the news of whose existence I felt idiotically surprised) was very keen on motoring, and they were all three starting the day after to-morrow on a little tour through France. Afterwards, they were going on to Switzerland, "for some climbing." Did I care about motoring? If so, we might go for a spin after luncheon, to Rouen or somewhere? He drank his glass of water, and, linking a friendly arm in mine, passed out with me into the corridor. He asked what I was writing now, and said that he looked to me to "do something big, one of these days," and that he was sure I had it "in" me. This remark (though of course I pretended to be pleased by it) irritated me very much. It was destined, as you shall see, to irritate me very much more in recollection.

Yet was I glad he had asked me to luncheon. Glad because I liked him, glad because I dislike mysteries. Though you may think me very dense for not having thoroughly understood Pethel in the course of my first meeting with him, the fact is that I was only conscious, and that dimly, of something more in him than he had cared to reveal—some veil behind which perhaps lurked his right to the title so airily bestowed on him by Grierson. I assured myself, as I walked home, that if veil there were I should to-morrow find an eyelet. But one's intuition when it is off duty seems always so much more powerful an engine than it does on active service; and next day, at sight of Pethel awaiting me outside his hotel, I became less confident. His, thought I, was a face which, for all its animation, would tell nothing —nothing, at any rate, that mattered. It expressed well enough that he was pleased to see me; but for the rest, I was reminded, it had a sort of frank inscrutability. Besides, it was at all points so very usual a face—a face that couldn't (so I then thought), even if it had leave to, betray connection with a "great character." It was a strong face, certainly. But so are yours and mine.

And very fresh it looked though, as he confessed, Pethel had sat up in "that beastly baccarat room" till

5 a.m. I asked, had he lost? Yes, he had lost steadily for four hours (proudly he laid stress on this), but in the end—well (he admitted), he had won it all back "and a bit more." "By the way," he murmured as we were about to enter the hall, "don't ever happen to mention to my wife what I told you about that Argentine deal. She's always rather nervous about—investments. I don't tell her about them. She's rather a nervous woman altogether, I'm sorry to say."

This did not square with my preconception of her. Slave that I am to traditional imagery, I had figured her as "flaunting," as golden-haired, as haughty to most men but with a provocative smile across the shoulder for some. Nor indeed did her husband's words save me the suspicion that my eyes deceived me when anon I was presented to a very pale, small lady whose hair was rather white than grey. And the "little daughter"! This prodigy's hair was as yet "down," but looked as if it might be up at any moment: she was nearly as tall as her father, whom she very much resembled in face and figure and heartiness of hand-shake. Only after a rapid mental calculation could I account for her. "I must warn you, she's in a great rage this morning," said her father. "Do try to soothe her." She blushed, laughed, and bade her father not be so silly. I asked her the cause of her great rage. She said, "He only means I was disappointed. And he was just as disappointed as I was. Weren't you, now, Father?"

"I suppose they meant well, Peggy," he laughed.

"They were *quite* right," said Mrs. Pethel, evidently not for the first time.

"They," as I presently learned, were the authorities of the bathing establishment. Pethel had promised his daughter he would take her for a swim; but on their arrival at the bathing-cabins they were ruthlessly told that bathing was "défendu à cause du mauvais temps." This embargo was our theme as we sat down to luncheon. Miss Peggy was of opinion that the French were cowards. I pleaded for them that even in English watering-places bathing was forbidden when the sea was *very* rough. She did not admit that the sea was very rough to-day. Besides, she appealed to me, where was the fun in swimming in absolutely calm water? I dared not say that this was the

only sort of water I liked to swim in. "They were *quite* right," said Mrs. Pethel yet again.

"Yes, but, darling Mother, you can't swim. Father and I are both splendid swimmers."

To gloze over the mother's disability, I looked brightly at Pethel, as though in ardent recognition of his prowess among waves. With a movement of his head he indicated his daughter—indicated that there was no one like her in the whole world. I beamed agreement. Indeed, I did think her rather nice. If one liked the father (and I liked Pethel all the more in that capacity), one couldn't help liking the daughter: the two were so absurdly alike. Whenever he was looking at her (and it was seldom that he looked away from her) the effect, if you cared to be fantastic, was that of a very vain man before a mirror. It might have occurred to me that, if there were any mystery in him, I could solve it through her. But, in point of fact, I had forgotten all about that possible mystery. The amateur detective was lost in the sympathetic observer of a father's love. That Pethel did love his daughter, I have never doubted. One passion is not less true because another predominates. No one who ever saw that father with that daughter could doubt that he loved her intensely. And this intensity gauges for me the strength of what else was in him.

Mrs. Pethel's love, though less explicit, was not less evidently profound. But the maternal instinct is less attractive to an onlooker, because he takes it more for granted, than the paternal. What endeared poor Mrs. Pethel to me was—well, the inevitability of the epithet I give her. She seemed, poor thing, so essentially out of it; and by "it" is meant the glowing mutual affinity of husband and child. Not that she didn't, in her little way, assert herself during the meal. But she did so, I thought, with the knowledge that she didn't count, and never would count. I wondered how it was that she had, in that Cambridge bar-room long ago, counted for Pethel to the extent of matrimony. But from any such room she seemed so utterly remote that she might well be in all respects now an utterly changed woman. She did pre-eminently look as if much had by some means been taken out of her, with no compensatory process of putting in. Pethel looked so

very young for his age, whereas she would have had to be quite old to look young for hers. I pitied her as one might a governess with two charges who were hopelessly out of hand. But a governess, I reflected, can always give notice. Love tied poor Mrs. Pethel fast to her present situation.

As the three of them were to start next day on their tour through France, and as the four of us were to make a tour to Rouen this afternoon, the talk was much about motoring—a theme which Miss Peggie's enthusiasm made almost tolerable. I said to Mrs. Pethel, with more good will than truth, that I supposed she was "very keen on it." She replied that she was.

"But, darling Mother, you aren't. I believe you *hate* it. You're *always* asking Father to go slower. And what *is* the fun of just crawling along?"

"Oh, come, Peggy, we never crawl," said her father.

"No, indeed," said her mother, in a tone of which Pethel laughingly said it would put me off coming out with them this afternoon. I said, with an expert air to reassure Mrs. Pethel, that it wasn't fast driving, but only bad driving, that was a danger. "There, Mother!" cried Peggy. "Isn't that what we're always telling you?"

I felt that they were always either telling Mrs. Pethel something or, as in the matter of that intended bath, not telling her something. It seemed to me possible that Peggy advised her father about his "investments." I wondered whether they had yet told Mrs. Pethel of their intention to go on to Switzerland for some climbing.

Of his secretiveness for his wife's sake I had a touching little instance after luncheon. We had adjourned to have coffee in front of the hotel. The car was already in attendance, and Peggy had darted off to make her daily inspection of it. Pethel had given me a cigar, and his wife presently noticed that he himself was not smoking. He explained to her that he thought he had smoked too much lately, and that he was going to "knock it off" for a while. I would not have smiled if he had met my eye. But his avoidance of it made me quite sure that he really had been "thinking over" what I had said last night about nicotine and its possibly deleterious action on the gambling thrill.

Mrs. Pethel saw the smile that I could not repress.

I explained that I was wishing *I* could knock off tobacco, and envying her husband's strength of character. She smiled too, but wanly, with her eyes on him. "Nobody has so much strength of character as he has," she said.

"Nonsense!" he laughed. "I'm the weakest of men."

"Yes," she said quietly. "That's true, too, James."

Again he laughed, but he flushed. I saw that Mrs. Pethel also had faintly flushed; and I became horribly conscious of following suit. In the sudden glow and silence created by Mrs. Pethel's paradox, I was grateful to the daughter for bouncing back into our midst and asking how soon we should be ready to start.

Pethel looked at his wife, who looked at me and rather strangely asked if I were sure I wanted to go with them. I protested that of course I did. Pethel asked her if *she* really wanted to come: "You see, dear, there was the run yesterday from Calais. And to-morrow you'll be on the road again, and all the days after."

"Yes," said Peggy, "I'm *sure* you'd much rather stay at home, darling Mother, and have a good rest."

"Shall we go and put on our things, Peggy?" replied Mrs. Pethel, rising from her chair. She asked her husband whether he were taking the chauffeur with him. He said he thought not.

"Oh, hurrah!" cried Peggy. "Then I can be on the front seat!"

"No, dear," said her mother. "I am sure Mr. Beerbohm* would like to be on the front seat."

"You'd like to be with Mother, wouldn't you?" the girl appealed. I replied with all possible emphasis that I should like to be with Mrs. Pethel. But presently, when the mother and daughter reappeared in the guise of motorists, it became clear that my aspiration had been set aside. "I am to be with Mother," said Peggy.

I was inwardly glad that Mrs. Pethel could, after all, assert herself to some purpose. Had I thought she disliked me, I should have been hurt; but I was sure her desire that I should not sit with her was due merely to a belief that a person on the front seat was less safe in case of accidents than a person behind. And of course I did not expect her to prefer my life to her daughter's. Poor

* The other names in this memoir are, for good reason, pseudonyms.

lady! My heart was with her. As the car glided along the sea-front and then under the Norman archway, through the town and past the environs, I wished that her husband inspired in her as much confidence as he did in me. For me the sight of his clear, firm profile (he did not wear motor-goggles) was an assurance in itself. From time to time (for I too was ungoggled) I looked round to nod and smile cheerfully at his wife. She always returned the nod, but left the smile to be returned by the daughter.

Pethel, like the good driver he was, did not talk: just drove. But he did, as we came out on to the Rouen road, say that in France he always rather missed the British police-traps. "Not," he added, "that I've ever fallen into one. But the chance that a policeman *may* at any moment dart out, and land you in a bit of a scrape, does rather add to the excitement, don't you think?" Though I answered in the tone of one to whom the chance of a police-trap is the very salt of life, I did not inwardly like the spirit of his remark. However, I dismissed it from my mind; and the sun was shining, and the wind had dropped: it was an ideal day for motoring; and the Norman landscape had never looked lovelier to me in its width of sober and silvery grace.

I presently felt that this landscape was not, after all, doing itself full justice. Was it not rushing rather too quickly past? "James!" said a shrill, faint voice from behind; and gradually—"Oh, darling Mother, really!" protested another voice—the landscape slackened pace. But after a while, little by little, the landscape lost patience, forgot its good manners, and flew faster, and faster than before. The road rushed furiously beneath us, like a river in spate. Avenues of poplars flashed past us, every tree of them on either side hissing and swishing angrily in the draught we made. Motors going Rouen-wards seemed to be past as quickly as motors that bore down on us. Hardly had I espied in the landscape ahead a château or other object of interest before I was craning my neck round for a final glimpse of it as it faded on the backward horizon. An endless up-hill road was breasted and crested in a twinkling and transformed into a decline near the end of which our car leapt straight across to the opposite ascent, and—"James!" again, and again by degrees the laws of

Nature were re-established, but again by degrees revoked. I didn't doubt that speed in itself was no danger; but, when the road was about to make a sharp curve, why shouldn't Pethel, just as a matter of form, slow down slightly and sound a note or two of the hooter? Suppose another car were—well, that was all right: the road was clear. But at the next turning, when our car neither slackened nor hooted and *was*, for an instant, full on the wrong side of the road, I had within me a contraction which (at thought of what must have been if . . .) lasted though all was well. Loth to betray fear, I hadn't turned my face to Pethel. Eyes front! And how about that waggon ahead, huge hay-waggon plodding with its back to us, seeming to occupy whole road? Surely Pethel would slacken, hoot? No. Imagine a needle threaded with one swift gesture from afar. Even so was it that we shot, between waggon and road's edge, through; whereon, confronting us within a few yards—inches now, but we swerved—was a cart, a cart that incredibly we grazed not as we rushed on, on. Now indeed had I turned my eyes on Pethel's profile. And my eyes saw there that which stilled, with a greater emotion, all fear and wonder in me.

I think that for the first instant, oddly, what I felt was merely satisfaction, not hatred; for I all but asked him whether by not smoking to-day he had got a keener edge to his thrills. I understood him, and for an instant this sufficed me. Those pursed-out lips, so queerly different from the compressed lips of the normal motorist, and seeming, as elsewhere last night, to denote no more than pensive interest, had told me suddenly all that I needed to know about Pethel. Here, as there—and oh, ever so much better here than there!—he could gratify the passion that was in him. No need of any "make-believe" here! I remembered the queer look he had given when I asked if his gambling was always "a life-and-death affair." Here was the real thing—the authentic game, for the highest stakes! And here was I, a little extra-stake tossed on to the board. He had vowed I had it "in" me to do "something big." Perhaps, though, there had been a touch of make-believe about that. . . . I am afraid it was not before my thought about myself that my moral sense began to operate and my hatred of Pethel set in. Put it

to my credit that I did see myself as a mere detail in his villainy. You deprecate the word "villainy"? Understand all, forgive all? No doubt. But between the acts of understanding and forgiving an interval may sometimes be condoned. Condone it in this instance. Even at the time, I gave Pethel due credit for risking his own life—for having doubtless risked it, it and none other, again and again in the course of his adventurous—and abstemious—life by field and flood. I was even rather touched by memory of his insistence last night on another glass of that water which just *might* give him typhoid; rather touched by memory of his unsaying that he "never" touched alcohol—he who, in point of fact, had to be *always* gambling on something or other. I gave him due credit, too, for his devotion to his daughter. But his use of that devotion, his cold use of it to secure for himself the utmost thrill of gambling, did seem utterly abominable to me.

And it was even more for the mother than for the daughter that I was incensed. That daughter did not know him, did but innocently share his damnable love of chances. But that wife had for years known him at least as well as I knew him now. Here again, I gave him credit for wishing, though he didn't love her, to spare her what he could. That he didn't love her, I presumed from his indubitable willingness not to stake her in this afternoon's game. That he never had loved her—had taken her, in his precocious youth, simply as a gigantic chance against him—was likely enough. So much the more credit to him for such consideration as he showed her; but little enough this was. He could wish to save her from being a looker-on at his game; but he could, he couldn't not, go on playing. Assuredly she was right in deeming him at once the strongest and the weakest of men. "Rather a nervous woman"! I remembered an engraving that had hung in my room at Oxford—and in scores of other rooms there: a presentment by Sir Marcus (then Mr.) Stone of a very pretty young person in a Gainsborough hat, seated beneath an ancestral elm, looking as though she were about to cry, and entitled "A Gambler's Wife." Mrs. Pethel was not like that. Of her there were no engravings for undergraduate hearts to melt at. But there was one man,

certainly, whose compassion was very much at her service. How was he going to help her?

I know not how many hair's-breadth escapes we may have had while these thoughts passed through my brain. I had closed my eyes. So preoccupied was I that, but for the constant rush of air against my face, I might, for aught I knew, have been sitting ensconced in an arm-chair at home. After a while, I was aware that this rush had abated; I opened my eyes to the old familiar streets of Rouen. We were to have tea at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. What was to be my line of action? Should I take Pethel aside and say "Swear to me, on your word of honour as a gentleman, that you will never again touch the driving-gear (or whatever you call it) of a motor-car. Otherwise, I shall expose you to the world. Meanwhile, we shall return to Dieppe by train"? He might flush (for I knew him capable of flushing) as he asked me to explain. And after? He would laugh in my face. He would advise me not to go motoring any more. He might even warn me not to go back to Dieppe in one of those dangerous railway-trains. He might even urge me to wait until a nice bath-chair had been sent out for me from England. . . .

I heard a voice (mine, alas) saying brightly "Well, here we are!" I helped the ladies to descend. Tea was ordered. Pethel refused that stimulant and had a glass of water. I had a liqueur brandy. It was evident to me that tea meant much to Mrs. Pethel. She looked stronger after her second cup, and younger after her third. Still, it was my duty to help her, if I could. While I talked and laughed, I did not forget that. But—what on earth was I to do? I am no hero. I hate to be ridiculous. I am inveterately averse from any sort of fuss. Besides, how was I to be sure that my own personal dread of the return-journey hadn't something to do with my intention of tackling Pethel? I thought it had. What this woman would dare daily, because she was a mother, could not I dare once? I reminded myself of Pethel's reputation for invariable luck. I reminded myself that he was an extra-ordinarily skilful driver. To that skill and luck I would pin my faith. . . .

"What I seem to myself, do you ask of me?"

But I answered your question a few lines back. Enough

that my faith was rewarded. We did arrive safely in Dieppe. I still marvel that we did.

That evening, in the vestibule of the Casino, Grierson came up to me: "Seen Jimmy Pethel? He was asking for you. Wants to see you particularly. He's in the baccarat room, punting—winning hand over fist, *of* course. Said he'd seldom met a man he liked more than you. Great character, what?" One is always glad to be liked, and I plead guilty to a moment's gratification at the announcement that Pethel liked me. But I did not go and seek him in the baccarat room. A great character assuredly he was; but of a kind with which (I say it at the risk of seeming priggish) I prefer not to associate.

Why he had particularly wanted to see me was made clear in a note sent by him to my room early next morning. He wondered if I could be induced to join them in their little tour. He hoped I wouldn't think it great cheek, his asking me. He thought it might rather amuse me to come. It would be a very great pleasure to his wife. He hoped I wouldn't say No. Would I send a line by bearer? They would be starting at 3 o'clock. He was mine sincerely.

It was not too late to tackle him, even now. Should I go round to his hotel? I hesitated and—well, I told you at the outset that my last meeting with him was on the morrow of my first. I forget what I wrote to him, but am sure that the excuse I made for myself was a good and graceful one, and that I sent my kindest regards to Mrs. Pethel. She had not (I am sure of that, too) authorised her husband to say she would like me to come (and take my chance) with them. Else would not the thought of her have haunted me, as it did for a long time. I do not know whether she is still alive. No mention is made of her in the obituary notice which woke these memories in me. This notice I will, however, transcribe, because it is (for all its crudeness of phraseology) rather interesting both as an echo and as an amplification. Its title is "Death of Wealthy Aviator," and its text is "Widespread regret will be felt in Leicestershire at the tragic death of Mr. James Pethel, who had long resided there and was very popular as an all-round sportsman. In recent years he had been much interested in aviation, and had become one of the most enthusiastic of amateur airmen. Yesterday after-

noon he fell down dead quite suddenly as he was returning to his house, apparently in his usual health and spirits, after descending from a short flight which despite a somewhat high wind he had made on his new biplane and on which he was accompanied by his married daughter and her infant son. It is not expected that an inquest will be necessary, as his physician, Dr. Saunders, has certified death to be due to heart-disease, from which, it appears, the deceased gentleman had been suffering for some years. Dr. Saunders adds that he had repeatedly warned deceased that any strain on the nervous system might prove fatal."

Thus—for I presume that his ailment had its origin in his habits—James Pethel did not, despite that merely pensive look of his, live his life with impunity. And by reason of that life he died. As for the manner of his death, enough that he did die. Let not our hearts be vexed that his great luck was with him to the end.

Until After the Funeral

By Francis Bickley

When he arrived at the office on Monday morning, as he had done with perfect regularity for three years past, he found an unusual state of affairs. The blinds were drawn in all the windows, and the door, which at this hour should have been agape for clients, was barely half open and gave him but grudging admittance. Things inside were equally surprising. Instead of the wonted hum of men settling to work, only two or three of his colleagues were present, and they, still wearing their hats, were whispering together in a corner. Mr. Evans, the head-clerk, stood by his own desk with a very solemn face. As Jackson paused in amazement, Mr. Evans beckoned him.

The chief had died suddenly on Saturday. He had been away from the office for the greater part of the week, but no one had supposed him to have anything worse than a cold or influenza, or some such inconsiderable ailment. The junior clerks had been discreetly relieved, the office-boys shamelessly elated, by his absence. They had no cause to dislike him, but his presence had always been something of a strain. Now he was dead, and was to be buried to-morrow. The office was to be closed until Wednesday morning.

"Mr. Ludlow"—the junior partner—"would like you all to be at the funeral," said Mr. Evans to Jackson. "It is to be at half-past eleven at Kensal Green Cemetery. Don't be late." He took a sovereign from a small pile on his desk. "You're to get yourself some gloves and a tie and a hat-band," he said, "and some black trousers if you haven't any. And the office is sending a wreath. Perhaps you'd like to subscribe. Most of the juniors are giving a shilling."

Jackson handed Mr. Evans a shilling, pocketed the sovereign, and, mumbling an attempt at something appropriate, went out into the street.

It was not yet ten o'clock; the day was before him. He did not know what to do. The idea of going home was unattractive. He could not get any of his friends to go out with him, for they would all be at work. This was not like a bank holiday, when it was easy to amuse one's self. Besides, he did not feel that he ought to treat the day as a holiday. He would have liked to go to Lord's, where Yorkshire was to play, but it did not seem quite the thing to do. He had never met death at very close quarters, and was not sure how one should conduct one's self in its shadow. And beyond his anxiety to observe decency, he felt curiously blank and listless when he thought that a man whom he had neither liked nor disliked and had feared a little—but had seen and spoken to almost every day for three years—had gone irrevocably out of his life.

He wandered westward, though without any definite object. He might as well buy the gloves and things, he thought, and began to look into the windows of the many hosiers' shops in his way. But he had always bought his clothes at shops which he had known from childhood, in the suburb where he had always lived, and was diffident about going into these strange establishments where the young men behind the counter were so much smarter than himself. He had never been one for clothes. So he hesitated at window after window, always passing on at last; while he fingered the sovereign in his pocket until it was hot. Other shops also, not connected with the matter in hand, attracted his attention. He really knew very little of the city beyond the strip of streets between his station and his office. In the morning he never had the time, nor in the evening, wearied with ledgers, the inclination for wandering; while lunch and a game of dominoes filled the midday hour. His pleasures were mostly taken in the neighbourhood of his home: his friends lived there, and the theatre and the music-hall which he patronised were local institutions. His cycle took him countrywards. At the age of nineteen, Jackson, like many of his fellows, had very vague ideas of the geography or natural history of central London.

He paused to look into jewellers' windows and idly considered the kind of ring he should give his girl, when

he had one. He turned the leaves of some paper-bound novels outside a bookshop, until, finding the proprietor's eye on him, he hurried away blushing, unaware how the hardy may snatch literature from under the enemy's very guns. Then a horse fell down, and he watched it being got up again; wondering whether the knee firmly pressed on its head gave it any pain, and starting back with the crowd as the animal floundered to its feet. It was not far short of midday when he passed Temple Bar.

At Wellington Street a long stream of holiday-makers hurrying to Waterloo stopped him. He did not mind, but amused himself by trying to see the people in the taxis, or, failing that, by counting and appraising their luggage. Even when, at a policeman's bidding, the north-south stream was stayed and the east-west had its turn, he forgot to move on, so absorbed was he in the business around him. It was a traffic which differed curiously from that of the narrow city lane where he worked. There was more of pleasure mixed in it, and a far greater female element.

Crossing the road at last, he espied a little way down Savoy Street a Punch and Judy show beginning its performance. He turned to watch it; not pondering on the puppets' ancient lineage (of which, indeed, he knew nothing); nor with the conscious amusement of the cultured person who "loves Punch and Judy"; but with the candid interest of a child who is yet ready at any moment to be drawn away by a stronger attraction.

One of the little crowd round the strident marionettes was a girl who was neither much older nor much younger than the clerk. At times, probably, she worked in some factory, but she had the adventurous face of one who finds steady employment intolerable. It was this face—small, impertinent, doubtfully clean but undoubtedly pretty—which Jackson presently found upturned to his. As he looked down, the girl smiled and nudged him lightly.

"You look hungry, young man," she said.

Surprised as he was at the mere happening of this remark, Jackson was still more surprised at its aptness. Although he had not formulated the sensation, he *was* hungry; very hungry, in fact. It was past his usual lunch hour, and he had been on his feet for more than three hours

of a hot July day. He was not only hungry, but tired. Suddenly self-conscious, he felt quite giddy.

"What you want's something to eat," said the girl. "And a good cup of tea."

Jackson's instinct was to hurry away. He fully intended to take his mentor's tip, but of herself he was shy.

"I should like one, too," she added.

Jackson's discomfort increased. This sounded unpleasantly like an advance. Yet the girl beside him did not look of the kind who made such advances. Dressed in a plain and dingy straw hat, a skimpy and faded pink cotton blouse, a serge skirt almost as shabby as her boots, she did not correspond at all with his idea of a professional siren. Her face, which was cheeky rather than "gay," was guiltless of paint or powder. Moreover, Jackson, whose knowledge of the matter was slight, believed that the confines of vice were further west, and that shame only walked abroad after dark.

But, whatever her morals, there was no doubt that the girl was both impertinent and common. Jackson moved towards the Strand.

"Here, don't be stingy," her voice came after him.

Now stingy was exactly what he was trying—with only partial success—not to feel. After all, the girl might have been moved to speak to him out of genuine kindness. Perhaps he was pale. Also she might herself be really hungry and have no money. He did not like to offer her any, for she had not, in his uncertain view of the situation, exactly begged; and, whether for her sake or his own, he was loth to offend her. On the other hand, her company embarrassed him. But by this time he had hesitated so long that silent flight would be ignominious. He hesitated a little longer.

"Can't you offer a girl a cup of tea without doing sums in yer head?" she asked, with a critical eye on his puckered forehead.

Jackson smiled faintly.

The girl took his smile for surrender. "Oh, come on, do," she cried. "I shall drop in a minute." She made for the Strand. Jackson caught her up, and, vaguely dreading to find himself lured to some haunt of iniquity, guided her into the nearest A.B.C.

He treated her to strong tea and buns both plain and creamy.

"What's your name?" she asked. "Mine's Lily Ransome."

"Mine's Harry Jackson."

"Don't you have to work?"

"Yes. But I've got a holiday."

"Got the boot, you mean," she jeered.

"No, I haven't. My boss is dead, and they've shut the office."

"You don't mean it? What did he die of?"

Her companion gave her a few details.

"Fancy. Poor man. I don't like to hear of folks going off sudden. It makes you feel quite queer." She bit enormously from a cream bun.

"Was that why you looked so solemn?" she asked.

"Did I? When?"

"Before you 'ad your tea. You're better now. But you wouldn't hurt for livening up a bit." She paused, looked towards the window, and caught the sun full in her eyes.

"Ain't it lovely wevver?" she said, blinking. "Do you know, I ain't seen a green field since God knows. Won't you take me in the country?"

Harry looked dubious. "I don't think I can," he said.

"Ain't you got any money?"

"Not much," he said, mentally reserving the funeral sovereign.

"You can go a long way on a motor 'bus for a tanner," said Lily. "You might."

Harry looked at her. Flushed with the tea, her pale golden hair shot with a ray of the sun, her eyes half-quizzical and half-appealing, she was very attractive. He also felt refreshed, more buoyant and more venturesome. He realised how flat his forenoon had been. Forgetting his doubts as to the etiquette for mourning clerks, he remembered that a long summer afternoon was before him, and that he had a pretty companion to hand.

"Right ho!" he said suddenly.

But outside they met with disappointment. All the 'buses, whether going west or east, were full. Again and

again they heard the inexorable three bells. It was hopeless to wait.

"Never mind, we'll go by train," said Harry, whom the hitch had made keen.

He hurried Lily to St. Pancras, found that a train started for St. Albans within ten minutes, and took two third-class return tickets. Having done so, he discovered that he had barely a shilling left besides the sacred sovereign. He might, of course, have booked for a less expensive journey, but, in the hurry of the transaction, had been able to think of nothing less obvious than St. Albans.

The train was nearly as crowded as the 'buses had been. Backs pressed against closed doors showed that many compartments were already over-full. At last the adventurers found seats, but not elbow-room, in a smoking-carriage. Lily pouted a little, but made no complaint.

Presently, however, after half an hour's discomfort, the train stopped at a station which evidently belonged to a tiny village. Lily looked at the sunlit greenery and blue sky beyond, and said: "Let's get out here."

"But I've booked to St. Albans," Harry objected.

"That don't matter. I'm sure this is nicer than St. Albans."

"I don't think we've much further to go."

"Oh, do come out here. This stuffy old train is making my head ache. I think I'm going to be sick," she added as an afterthought.

Her hand was already on the door-handle. Harry jumped up hastily, opened the door, and bundled her on to the platform as the guard blew his whistle.

Out in the lovely air, Lily's indisposition quickly left her. Her spirits were worthy of the day. Harry, too, when he had got used to this swift revision of his plan, admitted that it was a good instinct which had led the girl to this particular spot. He put his arms round her and kissed her.

"There," he said, rather defiantly. "Lily darling."

"I say, you're coming on, young man," said she. But she pretended no protest.

Wandering down the lanes and across the fields, picking flowers of the names of which both were ignorant (which did not disturb them), they spent a couple of happy

hours, which Lily's terror of cows, and Harry's efforts to allay it, did little to mar. Then they had tea at a farm-house, and the sovereign was left solitary in Jackson's pocket.

Lily was now a little tired, so they sat under a hedge and kissed one another. Naturally time flew.

Harry, however, the punctual clerk, did not forget the necessity of getting to London at a reasonably early hour; what he did forget was that they were at an unimportant village and not the abbey town of his intention. When they got to the station, they found that the last up train had gone half an hour before. The next station was beyond Lily's walking capacity, if not Harry's.

They could do nothing but spend the night where they were.

"What a lark!" said Lily, who apparently never lost her serenity for more than two minutes at a stretch.

Harry's readjustments were not so facile. He thought of the explanations which would be demanded both at home and at the office, of anxious parents and the morrow's funeral. It was hardly selfishness which made him think more of his own case than of Lily's. While her conversation was a series of questions, it had never occurred to Harry to ask her about her normal relationships. Untroubled by forethought or afterthought, she seemed detached from ties of place or time, to belong entirely wheresoever, at any moment, her inconsequence happened to have landed her. It was inconceivable that anyone should expect her arrival at a definite destination.

She fiddled with a penny-in-the-slot machine, while Harry accepted the situation and sought information which would enable him adequately to meet it. There was an inn in the village, half a mile from the station. Beds could probably be got there, a porter said.

Thither, therefore, they went and explained their mishap. The landlord made no comment; the thing was quite likely, and he was a comfortable fellow who saw no use in asking questions. He could give the young lady a bedroom, but the gentleman must be content with a shake-down in a little parlour. It was only a small house, and guests rarely slept there,

This was good enough; and a great dish of fried eggs

and bacon in the coffee-room, with tea strong enough even for Lily's hardened palate, raised the girl's spirits to hilarity and threw Harry's forebodings into abeyance.

"I do love you, Harry," she said, when she had finished laughing at a crude witticism of his.

"Darling," he cried, and pulled her on to his knees.

They had not much to say to one another: short phrases compounded of silly words and punctuated by long kisses. The landlord left them carefully alone.

Presently Lily shook back the hair which had tumbled round her face. "I'm tired," she said. "I think I'll go to bed."

Harry also went to the room which had been prepared for him. But he did not get into bed. Half-undressed, he stood with his hands on the mantelpiece looking into an empty grate. Had there been space enough, he would have prowled. He was full of burning restlessness. His desire was furious, and he cursed his diffidence. What had she meant when she had let him hug her so and had kissed as long as he? He wished he knew more about girls, what they would accept, for what they were prepared.

His ears, which were at a strain, though he had not realised it, for some such token, caught a faint sibilant sound. He went out into the passage. A short straight flight of stairs led to the landing on to which Lily's room opened. Wearing only a close day-vest, which served her, on this occasion at any rate, for night-clothes, Lily leaned over the balustrade.

Harry gazed up at her, doubtful.

"Won't you come?" she whispered with shy appeal.

The clerk still hesitated.

Then she began to dance as she had danced many a time to the music of barrel-organs, light-footed, making no treacherous sound. Only one candle lit the landing; and in and out of its dim radiance passed Lily's litheness like Will-o'-the-Wisp.

"I'm coming," Harry whispered hoarsely, and took three stairs in his stride.

In the small hours he thought of his old chief, alone in his coffin, and shivered.

Lily lay late abed, and they did not start for London until nearly half-past eleven. Sitting opposite her in the

compartment, which this time had no other occupants than themselves, Harry thought of the ceremony in which he should even then have been taking part; of the sovereign which was to have clad him decently and had been half-spent; of what would be said of his absence by Mr. Evans, Mr. Ludlow and his parents.

But after all, he mused, explanation would not be difficult. With a little contrivance, another sovereign as good as the original could be found. He would tell them at the office that he had been unwell. To his parents he would say that, being upset by the news, he had taken a day in the country and had missed the last train to town. Neither story was improbable, and one was half-true.

Only there was one person to whom he could offer neither true explanation nor false—the mute protagonist in to-day's solemnity. A futile regret came upon him that he had failed a man who had always treated him fairly, and that he could never make reparation. He had taken a mean advantage of the dead. He felt disconsolate, miserable; his eyelids pricked.

Lily was watching his face.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Are you sorry, Harry? Don't you like me?"

With her little hand on his knee, immediate memory flooded his mind, drowning bitter thoughts.

"Damn death," he said, and took her in his arms.

They were at St. Pancras before Harry had begun to consider what was to be done when they got there. Lily solved the problem for him.

"Good-bye," she said, simply and cheerily.

"But——" Harry protested.

"Oh, that's all right," she interrupted him. "Can't a girl and a fellow have a bit of fun without a fuss? Perhaps we'll meet again. Good-bye till then. And thank you," she added, with awkward grace.

With a reassuring smile she trotted away, leaving him with a confusion of feelings which, as he went more slowly out of the station, began to sort themselves into regret, self-reproach and relief.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

The Lesson of the Balkan War

By the late F.M. Lord Roberts

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Perhaps the best tribute we can pay to the memory of the late Lord Roberts is to reprint below an article which he wrote for THE ENGLISH REVIEW, March, 1913, at the close of the Balkan War. As one of the chief military lessons to be derived from the failure of Turkey, he then, as on many other occasions, besought our nation to take up National Service.

THE first great lesson that has been given to us as to what is required from the soldier in modern warfare was taught by the Russo-Japanese campaign. Manchuria, however, was so far away, and the difficulty of arriving at first-hand evidence was so great, that what was to be learnt from that campaign was not brought home to the ordinary reader until all popular interest in the war had ceased. Thoughtful soldiers, on the other hand, both in this country and on the Continent, had arrived at some very clear conclusions. They realised that the Japanese successes were the result of years of patient training, and that, so long as the Japanese could depend upon an army thoroughly trained and adequately led, they had nothing to fear from the haphazard organisation that the Russians could oppose to them. But when, at the height of their successes, the Japanese made peace, it astonished the world and amazed the Russians themselves. There was, however, good reasons for this sudden *volte face* of the victorious Japanese: they understood that the Russian officers had begun to profit by the experiences of the war, and they realised that a fresh flood from their immense resources was about to pour in, while they knew only too well that the winning of the series of Pyrrhic battles culminating in the victory of Mukden had exhausted the supply of their competent regimental officers and trained men, and that they would have to oppose Russia's next effort with partially

trained troops led by officers hastily promoted from the ranks. This necessity was opposed to their philosophy of war. They, therefore, made peace.

Although the true meaning of this apparently unaccountable phenomenon did not escape the notice of real students of war, the people in this country in general were satisfied that financial difficulties were responsible for Japan's apparent moderation during the Portsmouth negotiations; and, when the Civil minds that frame the British Empire's military policy groped in the dark for some Budget-meeting expedient for providing Great Britain with an improved army, they reverted to the old heresy of the amateur soldier, insufficiently armed and trained. It was a cheap expedient, and it suited the policy of the moment.

The Ottoman army, as is well known, has a military system of mobilisation that differs from those employed by other great military powers. The reason for this is territorial. Until quite recent years the Ottoman army was recruited exclusively from the Moslem element. To suit this practice the Staff found it necessary to draw heavily upon the Asiatic provinces. This brought about the Redif system of organisation. The advent of the Young Turk régime four years ago induced the new Government to recruit from among Ottoman Christians. This was part of the Young Turks' policy of regeneration. This policy was so irritating to the various nationalities composing the Empire that from the moment the new scheme of army reorganisation was instituted the Ottoman army found itself engaged in partisan warfare within its own frontiers. During the past four years the Turkish Government has been obliged continuously to employ a large moiety of its troops in dealing with insurrection. Military operations were almost continuous in Albania and the Yemen; there was trouble in Servia and Kurdistan, to say nothing of the concentration of troops that became necessary in view of the hostilities with Italy. This abnormal strain upon the regular troops necessitated an unceasing drain upon the first-class reservists and thoroughly disorganised the whole of the Redif system.

At the outbreak of war with the Balkan Allies there was an insufficient supply of first-class reservists either to complete the establishments of the first-line units, or to mobilise

according to the book the Divisions which should have been exclusively drawn from the first ban of Redif. When the Ottoman General Staff found itself opposed by the Balkan Federation, it had to face the problem of invasion by at least a million well-trained men.

In order that it should be able to mobilise armies to meet this menace, the Ottoman General Staff was forced to go into the byways and hedgerows to find the necessary men. Arms and equipment there were plenty, but of trained men equal to the requirements of the modern battle there were too few. Eye-witnesses of the mobilisation of the First Turkish Army Corps in Constantinople have given me the most pathetic description of the material with which the units of the Army Corps were brought up to strength. Redifs from Anatolia came pouring into the capital. They comprised callow youths who had never yet handled a rifle, old men whose last experience of war dated from the days of Osman Pasha. This material was hurriedly issued with coarse khaki uniform and cheap contract ammunition boots; it was given rifles and bandoliers and then sent to squad instruction on the War Office parade ground. At the most, three days were allowed for this instruction, and then the men were spirited away by night straight to the battlefield.

It may be gathered from the evidence of the fighting on both sides in the battles which decided the fate of Turkey in Europe that the struggle was as fierce as anything that took place in the Japanese War. Both armies appear to have been actuated with a deadly racial hatred for each other; both armies were equipped with weapons of the most modern design; the Turks had the advantage in numbers; the weather was terrible, and hunger and disease had already seized upon the combatants. In these circumstances, all else being equal, the Ottoman troops, backed by the *moral* of five hundred years of conquest, should have driven the Bulgarians from the field. The Bulgarians possessed, however, the one asset that in modern battles will always decide the issue. The Bulgarian troops, though suffering the same chastisement and privations as their enemy, were the component parts of a well-officered and perfectly disciplined machine; the Turks, on the other hand, were neither disciplined nor intelligently led. The

raw levies that filled the gaps in the ranks squirmed under the punishment, their nerves gave under the strain. They knew no force upon which to depend when their own courage failed them. They fled like driven sheep from the firing lines, obsessed with but one idea, which was to place as many miles as possible between them and the battlefield that their trembling limbs could accomplish between dusk and dawn. They recked nothing of the stalwart Regulars holding manfully on to their positions; their terror deadened their ears alike to the supplications and imprecations of their officers; the loaded whips of the mounted *gendarmes* even failed to herd them back to the line of battle. Wild-eyed, inarticulate of speech or gibbering like maniacs, they fled to the ranks of others who had not yet experienced the ordeal. Their desperate terror communicated itself to these newcomers. Thus it was that, after ten days of battle, Turkish Generals, who had been commanding Divisions, found that their units had dwindled to mere skeletons. Then the fatal order for the retirement was given, and the great army, undermined in its *moral*, fell back in disorder.

This is the story which competent observers have brought to this country. They traced the cause of the *débâcle* primarily to the employment of partially trained and untrained troops in battle. There were, of course, other contributory causes, to wit, maladministration and dearth of officers competent to lead. These, however, are one and all defects that we should find in our own Territorial Force if in case of home defence we were to attempt to place a mobile citizen army in the field.

The Turkish General Staff was not slow to appreciate the real cause of the disaster. When the Bulgarians gave them the opportunity to reorganise after the retreat, their first action was to eliminate as far as possible the partially-trained element from their field army, and to man the lines at Chatalja with units composed of old soldiers. The miserable caricatures in khaki, who had fled from the battlefield, were collected in gangs to dig trenches and bury the cholera casualties.

The wisdom of this change of policy by the Turkish General Staff was immediately and strikingly demonstrated by the defence of the lines at Chatalja. Here the well-trained Turkish troops, snug in their trenches, not only gave

pause to the Bulgarian advance, but handsomely defeated their attack, and in about the only close fighting that took place during the campaign, showed a great superiority to the Bulgarians.

To my mind it would seem that the lesson of this Thracian campaign, in which the military reputation of the Ottoman Empire came tumbling down like a castle built of cards, was almost Providentially sent to warn this country against the folly of its existing military policy. Is it to be believed that our Territorial troops, if they were to find themselves arrayed in battle, no matter how great the odds in their favour, against the seasoned troops of an European enemy, would be able to make a better resistance than the Turks? The nervous development of this nation has grown with the advance of education. It seems to me that highly imaginative troops, devoid of the confidence that discipline and training bring, would be less able to sustain the nerve-shaking elements of the modern battle than the unimaginative and sheep-like Turkish soldiers. Unless I have been misinformed, the naval hierarchy have admitted the possibility of our Territorial Force being called upon to oppose a raid before they have undergone the six months' training which Lord Haldane at one period promised them upon mobilisation. If this be true, then all that I have contended during the past few years is now admitted. In face, therefore, of this untraversable evidence from the Balkans, it is tantamount to racial suicide to leave matters as they are.

The Roots of the Great War

By Edward Carpenter

Among the many points which the present world-convulsing war is forcing on our attention are two on which in this paper I especially wish to dwell. I mean (1) the danger to society of class-rule, and (2) the hope for the future in the international solidarity of the workers.

Through all the mist of lies and slander created on such an occasion—by which each nation after a time succeeds in proving that its own cause is holy while that of its opponent is wicked and devilish; through the appeals to God and Justice, common to both sides; through the shufflings and windings of diplomats, and the calculated attitudes of politicians, adopted for public approval; through the very real rage and curses of soldiers, the desperate tears and agony of women, the murder of babes, and the smoke of burning towns and villages: it is difficult, indeed, to arrive at clear and just conclusions.

When the war first broke out no one could give an adequate reason for it. It all seemed absurd, monstrous, impossible. Then arose a Babel of explanations. It was that Germany desired to crush France finally; it was that she was determined to break Great Britain's naval and commercial supremacy; it was that she must have an outlet on the sea through Belgium and Holland; that she must force a way to the Mediterranean through Servia; that she must carry out her financial schemes in Asia Minor and the Baghdad region. It was her hatred of the Slav and her growing dread of Russia; it was her desire for a Colonial Empire; it was fear of a revolution at home; it was the outcome of long years of Pan-Germanist philosophy; it was the result of pure military ambition and the class-domination of the Junkers. Each and all of these reasons (and many others) were in turn cited, and magnified into the mainspring of the war; and yet even to-day we cannot say

which *was* the main reason, or if we admit them all we cannot say in what exact proportions their influences were combined.

Moreover, they all assume that Germany was the aggressor; and we have to remember that this would not be admitted for a moment by a vast number of the Germans themselves—who cease not to say that the war was simply forced upon them by the hostile preparations of Russia, by the vengefulness of France, by the jealous foreign policy of England, and by the obvious threat embodied in the *Entente* between those three nations; and that if they (the Germans) made preparations for the war, or even precipitated it, that was only out of the sheer necessity of self-preservation.*

Thus we are still left without any generally-accepted conclusion in the matter. Moreover, we are struck, in considering the list of reasons cited, by a feeling that they are all in their way rather partial and superficial—that they do not go to the real root of the subject.

Out of them all—and after the first period of confusion and doubt has passed—our own people at home have settled down into the conviction that German militarism in general, and Prussian Junkerdom in particular, are to blame, and that for the good of the world as well as for our own good we are out to fight these powers of evil. Prussian class-militarism, it is said, under which for so long the good people of Germany have groaned, has become a thing intolerable. The arrogance, the insolence, of the Junker officer, his aristocratic pretension, his bearish manners, have made him a bye-word, not only in his own country, but all over Europe; and his belief in sheer militarism and Jingo imperialism have made him a menace. The Kaiser has only made things worse. Vain and flighty to a degree, and, like most vain people, rather shallow, Wilhelm II. has supposed himself to be a second and greater Bismarck, destined by Providence to create the said Teutonic world-empire. It is simply to fight these powers of evil that we are out.

Of course, there is a certain amount of truth in this view; at the same time, it is lamentably insufficient. The

* As an example of this belief, read the manifesto of Prof. Eucken, who represents such a large section of German opinion, and note the absolute sincerity of its tone—as well as its naïve simplicity.

fact is that in the vast flux of destiny which is involved in such a war as the present, and which no argument can really adequately represent, we are fain to snatch at *some* neat phrase, however superficial, by way of explanation. And we are compelled, moreover, to find a phrase which will put our own efforts in an ideal light—otherwise we cannot go on fighting. No nation can fight confessedly for a mean or base object. Every nation inscribes on its banner *Freedom, Justice, Religion, Culture versus Barbarism*, or something of the kind; we do so, and Germany does the same. And in a sense each redeems itself in so fighting. It saves its soul even though bodily it may be conquered. And this is not hypocrisy but a psychological necessity—though each nation, of course, accuses the other of hypocrisy.

We are fighting "to put down militarism and the dominance of a military class," says the great B.P., and one can only hope that when the war is over we shall remember and rivet into shape this great and good purpose—not only with regard to foreign militarism, but with regard to our own. Certainly, whatever other or side views we may take of the war, we are bound to see in it an illustration of the danger of military class-rule. You cannot keep a 60 h.p. Daimler motor-car in your shed for years and years, and still deny yourself the pleasure of going out on the public road with it—even though you know you are not a very competent driver; and you cannot continue for half a century perfecting your military and naval organisation without in the end making the temptation to become a political road-hog almost irresistible.

Still, accepting for the moment the popular explanation given above of Germany's action as to some degree justified, we cannot help seeing how superficial and unsatisfactory it is, because it at once raises the question—which, indeed, is being asked in all directions, and not satisfactorily answered: "How does it happen that so peace-loving, sociable and friendly a people as the great German mass-folk—as we have hitherto known them—with their long scientific and literary tradition, their love of music and philosophy, their lager-beer and tobacco, and their generally democratic habits, should have been led into a situation like the present—whether by a clique of Junkers, or by a

clique of militarist philosophers and politicians?" And the answer to this is both interesting and important.

It resolves itself into two main causes: (1) the rise of the great German commercial class, and (2) the political ignorance of the German people.

It is obvious, I think, that a military aristocracy alone, or even with the combined support of empire-building philosophers and a jack-boot Kaiser, could not have hurried the solid German nation into so strange a situation. In old days, and under an avowedly feudal order of society, such a thing might well have happened. But to-day the source and seat of power has passed from crowned heads and barons into another social stratum. It is the financial and commercial classes in the modern States who have the sway; and unless these classes desire it the military cliques may plot for war in vain. Since 1870, and the unification of Germany, the growth of her manufactures and her trade has been enormous; her commercial prosperity has gone up by leaps and bounds; and this extension of trade, especially of international trade, has led—as it had already so conspicuously done in England—to the development of corresponding ideals and habits of life among the population. The modest, simple-living, middle-class households of fifty years ago have largely disappeared, and in their place have sprung up, at any rate in the larger towns, the very same commercial and parasitical classes, with their Philistine luxury and fatuous ideals, which have been so depressing and distressing a feature of *our* social life during the same period. Naturally, the desire of these classes has been for the glorification of Germany, the establishment of an absolutely world-wide commercial supremacy, and the ousting of England from her markets.

"Germany," said Peter Kropotkin * a year or two ago, "on entering a striking period of juvenile activity, quickly succeeded in doubling and trebling her industrial productivity, and soon increasing it tenfold; and now the German middle classes covet new sources of enrichment in the plains of Poland, in the prairies of Hungary, on the plateaus of Africa, and especially around the railway line to Baghdad—in the rich valleys of Asia Minor, which can provide German capitalists with a labouring population

* *Wars and Capitalism*, by P. Kropotkin. (Freedom Press.)

ready to be exploited under one of the most beautiful skies in the world. It may be so with Egypt some day. Therefore it is ports for export, and especially military ports, in the Adriatic, the Persian Gulf, on the African coast in Beira, and also in the Pacific, that these schemes of German colonial trade wish to conquer. Their faithful servant, the German Empire, with its armies and ironclads, is at their service for this purpose."

It is this class, then, which by backing both financially and morally the military class has been chiefly responsible for bringing about the war. Not that I mean, in saying so, that the commercial folk of Germany have directly instigated its outbreak at the present moment and in the present circumstances—for many, or most of them, must have seen how dangerous it was likely to prove to their trade. But in respect of the general policy which they have so long pursued they are responsible. One cannot go on for years (and let England remember this) preaching militarism as a means of securing commercial advantage, and then refuse to be answerable for the results to which such a policy may lead. The Junker classes of Prussia and their Kaiser might be suffering from a bad attack of swelled head; vanity and arrogance might be filling them with dreams of world-empire; but there would have been no immediate European war had not the vast trade-interests of Germany come into conflict, or seemed to come into conflict, with the trade-interests of the surrounding nations—had not the financial greed of the nation been stirred, as well as its military vanity.

And talking of general trade and finance one must not forget to include the enormous powers exercised in the present day by individual corporations and individual financiers who intrude their operations into the sphere of politics. We saw *that* in our own Boer War; and behind the scenes in Germany to-day similar influences are at work. The Deutsche Bank, with immense properties all over the world, and some £85,000,000 sterling in its hands in deposits alone, initiated financially the Baghdad railway scheme. Its head, Herr Arthur von Gwinner, the great financier, is a close adviser of the Kaiser. "The railway is already nearly half built, and it represents a German investment of between £16,000,000 and £18,000,000. Let

this be thought of when people imagine that Germany and Austria went to war with the idea of avenging the murder of an Archduke. . . . All German trade would suffer if the Baghdad Railway scheme were to fail."* Then there is Herr August Thyssen—"King Thyssen"—"who owns coal mines, rolling mills, harbours and docks throughout Germany, iron-ore mines in France, warehouses in Russia, and *entrepôts* in nearly every country from Brazil and Argentina to India."† He has declared that German interests in Asia Minor must be safeguarded at all costs. But Russia also has large prospective commercial interests in Asia Minor. The moral is clear and needs no enforcing. Such men as these—and many others, the Rathenaus, Siemens, Krupps, Ballins, and Heinekens—exercise in Germany an immense political influence, just as do our financial magnates at home. They represent the peaks and summits of wide-spreading commercial activities whose bases are rooted among the general public. Yet through it all it must not be forgotten that they represent in each case (as I shall explain more clearly presently) the interests of a *class*—the commercial class—but not of the whole nation.

One must then modify the first conclusion, that the blame of the war rests with the military class, by adding a second factor, namely, the rise and influence of the commercial class. These two classes acting and reacting on each other, and pushing—though for different reasons—in the same direction, are answerable, as far as Germany is concerned, for dragging Europe into this trouble; and they must share the blame.

If it is true—as already suggested—that Germany's action has only been that of the spark that fires the magazine, still her part in the affair affords such an extraordinarily illuminating text and illustration that one may be excused for dwelling on it.

Here, in her case, we have the divisions of a nation's life set out in well-marked fashion. We have a military clique headed by a personal and sadly irresponsible ruler; we have a vulgar and much swollen commercial class; and then, besides these two, we have a huge ant's nest of professors and students, a large population of intelligent and

* See *Nash's Magazine* for October, 1914, article by "Diplomatist."
† *Ibid.*

well-trained factory workers, and a vast residuum of peasants. Thus we have at least five distinct classes, but of these the last three have—till thirty or forty years ago—paid little or no attention to political matters. The professors and students have had their noses buried in their departmental science and *fach* studies; the artisans have been engrossed with their technical work, and have been only gradually drifting away from their capitalist employers and into the Socialist camp; and the peasants—as elsewhere over the world, absorbed in their laborious and ever-necessary work—have accepted their fate and paid but little attention to what was going on over their heads. Yet these three last-mentioned classes, forming the great bulk of the nation, have been swept away, and suddenly at the last, into a huge embroilment in which to begin with they had no interest or profit.

This may seem strange, but the process after all is quite simple, and to study it in the case of Germany may throw helpful light on our own affairs. However the blame may be apportioned between the Junker and commercial classes, it is clear that fired by the Bismarckian programme, and greatly overstretching it, they played into each other's hands. The former relied for the financing of its schemes on the supports of the commercials. The latter saw in the militarists a power which might increase Germany's trade-supremacy. Vanity and greed are met together, patriotism and profits have kissed each other. A Navy League and an Army League and an Air League arose. Professors and teachers were subsidised in the universities; the children were taught Pan-Germanism in the schools; a new map of Europe was put before them. An enormous literature grew up, on the lines of Treitschke, Houston Chamberlain, and Bernhardi, with novels and romances to illustrate side-issues, and the Press playing martial music. The students and intellectuals began to be infected; the small traders and shopkeepers were moved; and the war-fever gradually spread through the nation. As to the artisans they may, as I have said, have largely belonged to the Socialist party—with its poll of four million votes in the last election—and in the words of Herr Haase in the Reichstag just before the war, they may have held themselves apart from "this

cursed Imperialist policy," but when the war actually arrived, and the fever, and the threat of Russia, and the fury of conscription, they perforce had to give way and join in. How on earth could they do otherwise? And the peasants —even if they escaped the fever—could not escape the compulsion of authority nor the old blind tradition of obedience. They do not know, even to-day, why they are fighting; and they hardly know whom they are fighting, but in their ancient resignation they accept the inevitable and shout "Deutschland über Alles" with the rest. And so a whole nation is swept off its feet by a small section of it, and the insolence of a class becomes—as in Louvain and Rheims—the scandal of the world.*

And the people bleed; yes, it is always the people who bleed. The trains arrive at the hospital bases—hundreds, positively hundreds of them—full of wounded. Shattered human forms lie in thousands on straw inside the trucks and wagons, or sit painfully reclined in the passenger compartments, their faces and bodies grimed, their clothes ragged, their toes protruding from their boots. Some have been stretched on the battlefields for forty-eight hours, or even more, tormented by frost at night, covered with flies by day, without so much as a drink of water. And those that have not already become a mere lifeless heap of rags have been jolted in country carts to some railway station, and there, or at successive junctions, have been shunted on sidings for endless hours. And now, with their wounds still slowly bleeding or oozing, they are picked out by tender hands, and the most crying cases are roughly dressed before consigning to a hospital. And some faces are shattered, hardly recognisable, and some have limbs torn away; and there are internal wounds unspeakable; and countenances deadly pallid, and moanings which cannot be stifled, and silences worse than moans.

Yes; the agony and bloody sweat of battlefields endured for the domination or the ambition of a class is appalling. But in many cases, though more dramatic and appealing to the imagination, one may doubt if it is worse than the

* In order to realise how easy such a process is, we have only to remember the steps by which the outbreak of the Boer War in 1899 was engineered.

year-long and age-long agony of daily life endured for the same reason.

Maeterlinck, in his eloquent and fiery letter to *The Daily Mail* of September 14th, maintained that the whole German nation is equally to blame in this affair—that all classes are equally involved in it, with no *degrees* of guilt. We may excuse the warmth of personal feeling which makes him say this, but we cannot accept the view. We are bound to point out that it is only by some such analysis as the above and estimation of the method by which the delusions of one class may be communicated to the others, that we can guard ourselves, too, from falling into similar delusions.

I mentioned that besides the growth of the commercial class a second great cause of the war was the political ignorance of the German people. And this is important. Fifty years ago, and before that, when Germany was divided up into scores of small States and Duchies, the mass of its people had no practical interest in politics. Such politics as existed, as between one Duchy and another, were mere tea-cup politics. Read Eckermann's *Conversations*, and see how small a part they played in Goethe's mind. That may have been an advantage in one way. The brains of the nation went into science, literature, music. And when, after 1870, the unification of Germany came, and the political leadership passed over to Prussia, the same state of affairs for a long time continued; the professors continued their investigations in the matters of the thyroid gland or the rock inscriptions in the isle of Thera, but they left the internal regulation of the State and its foreign policy confidently in the hands of the Kaiser and the nominees of the great and rising bourgeoisie, and themselves remained unobservant and uninstructed in such matters. It was only when these latter powers declared—as in the Emperor's pan-German proclamation of 1896—that a Teutonic world-empire was about to be formed, and that the study of *welt-politik* was the duty of every serious German, that the thinking and reading portion of the population suddenly turned its attention to this subject. An immense mass of political writings—pamphlets, prophecies, military and economic

treatises, romances of German conquest, and the like—naturally many of them of the crudest sort, was poured forth and eagerly accepted by the public, and a veritable Fool's Paradise of German supremacy arose. It is only in this way—by noting the long-preceding ignorance of the German citizen in the matter of politics, his absolute former non-interference in public affairs, and the dazed state of his mind when he suddenly found himself on the supposed pinnacle of world-power—that we can explain his easy acceptance of such cheap and *ad hoc* publications as those of Bernhardi and Houston Chamberlain, and the fact that he was so easily rushed into the false situation of the present war. The absurd *canards* which at an early date gained currency in Berlin—as that the United States had swallowed Canada, that the Afghans in mass were invading India, that Ireland was plunged in civil war—point in the same direction; and so do the barbarities of the Teutonic troops in the matters of humanity and Art. For though in all war and in the heat of battle there are barbarities perpetrated, it argues a strange state of the German national psychology that in this case a heartless severity and destruction of the enemy's life and property should have been preached beforehand, and quite deliberately, by professors and militarists, and accepted, apparently, by the general public. It argues, to say the least, a strange want of perception of the very unfavourable impression which such a programme must inevitably excite in the mind of the world at large.

It is, no doubt, pleasant in its way for us British to draw this picture of Germany, and to trace the causes which led the ruling powers there, years ago, to make up their minds for war, because, of course, the process in some degree exonerates us. But, as I have already said, I have dwelt on Germany, not only because she affords such a good illustration of what to avoid, but also because she affords so clear an example of what is going on elsewhere in Europe—in England and France and Italy, and among all the modern nations. We cannot blame Germany without implicitly also blaming these.

What, indeed, shall we say of England? Germany has for years maintained that with her own growing population

and her growing trade she needs a more extended seaboard in Europe, and coaling stations and colonies in other regions of the globe, but that England, jealous of commercial supremacy, has been determined to deny her these, and, if possible, to crush her; that she (Germany) has lived in perpetual fear and panic; and that if in this case she has been the first to strike, it has only been because to wait England's opportunity would have been to court defeat. Allowing for the exaggerations inseparable from opposed points of view, is there not some justification for this plea? England, who plunged into the Crimean War in order to *prevent* Russia from obtaining a seaboard and her natural commercial expansion, and who afterwards joined with Russia in order to plunder Persia and to prevent Germany from getting her railways along the Persian Gulf; who calmly appropriated Egypt, with its valuable cotton-lands and market; who, at the behest of a group of capitalists and financiers, turned her great military machine on a little nation of Boer farmers in S. Africa; who, it is said,* sold 300,000 tons of coal to Russia to aid her fleet against Japan, and at the same time furnished Japan with gold at a high rate of interest to war against Russia—what trust can be placed in her? "England," says Bernhardi, "in spite of all her pretences of a liberal and philanthropic policy, has never sought any other object than personal advantage and the unscrupulous suppression of her rivals." Let us hope that this "never" is *too* harsh; let us at least say "hardly ever"; but still are we not compelled to admit that if the rise of commercial ambition in Germany has figured as a danger to *us*, our far greater commercial ambitions have not only figured as a danger to Germany, but, in conjunction with our alliance with France and Russia, her ancient foes, may well have led to a state of positive panic among her people? And if, as the Allies would doubtless say, there was really no need for any such panic, the situation was obviously sufficiently grave to be easily made use of by a military class for its own ends, or by an armaments ring or a clique of financiers for theirs. Indeed, it would be interesting to know what enormous profits Kruppism (to use H. G. Wells' expressive term) *has* already made out of this world-mad-

* See Kropotkin's *War and Capitalism*, p. 12.

ness. Nor can it be denied that the commercial interest in England, if not deliberately intending to provoke war with Germany, has not been at all sorry to seize this opportunity of laying a rival Power low—if only in order to snatch the said rival's trade. That, indeed, the daily Press reveals only too clearly.

From all this the danger of class-domination emerges more and more into relief. In Prussia the old Feudal caste remains—in a decadent state, certainly, but perhaps for that very reason more arrogant, more vulgar, and less conscious of any *noblesse oblige* than even in Russia. By itself, however, and if unsupported by the Commercial class, it would probably have done little harm. In Britain the Feudal caste has ceased to be exclusively military, and has become blended with the Commercial class. The British aristocracy now consists largely or chiefly of retired grocers and brewers. Commercialism here has become more confessedly dominant than in Germany, and whereas there the commercial class may *support* the military in its ambitions, here the commercial class *uses* the military as a matter of course and for its own ends. We have become a Nation of Shopkeepers having our own revolvers and machine-guns behind the counter.

And yet not really a Nation of Shopkeepers, but rather a nation ruled by a shop-keeping *class*.

People sometimes talk as if commercial prosperity and the interests of the commercial folk represented the life of the whole nation. That is a way of speaking, and it illustrates certainly a common modern delusion. But it is far from the truth. The trading and capitalist folk are only a class, and they do *not* represent the nation. They do not represent the land-owning and the farming interests, both of which detest them; they do not represent the artisans and industrial workers, who have expressly formed themselves into unions in order to fight them, and who have only been able to maintain their rights by so doing; they do not represent the labourers and peasants, who are ground under their heel. It would take too long to go into the economics of this subject, interesting though they are. But a very brief survey of facts shows us that wherever the capitalist and trading classes have triumphed—as in England early last century, and until socialistic legislation was called in

to check them—the condition of the mass of the people has by no means improved, rather the contrary. Japan has lately developed a world trade, and is on the look out for more, yet never before has there been such distress among her mass-populations. Russia has been lately moving in the same direction; her commercial interests are rapidly progressing, but her peasantry is at a standstill. France and Italy have already grown a fat *bourgeoisie*, but their workers remain in a limbo of poverty and strikes. And in all these countries, including Germany, Socialism has arisen as a protest against the commercial order—which fact certainly does not look as if Commercialism were a generally acknowledged benefit.

No, commercial prosperity means only the prosperity of a class. Yet such is the curious glamour that surrounds this subject and makes a fetish of statistics about "imports and exports," that nothing is more common than for such prosperity to be taken to mean the prosperity of the nation as a whole. This illusion is only a part, I suppose, of a historical necessity, which as the Feudal *régime* passes brings into prominence the Commercial *régime*; but do not let us be deluded by it; nor forget that in submitting to the latter we are being nose-led by a class just as much as the Germans have been in submitting to the Prussian Junkers. Do not let us, at the behest of either class, be so foolish as to set out in vain pursuit of world-empire; and, above all, do not let us, in freeing ourselves from military class-rule, fall under the domination of financiers and commercial diplomats. Let us remember that wars for world-markets are made for the benefit of the merchant *class* and not for the benefit of the mass-people; and that in this respect England has been as much to blame as Germany or any other nation—nay, pretty obviously more so.

What is clearly wanted—and indeed is the next stage of human evolution in England and in all Western lands—is that the people should emancipate themselves from class-domination, class-glamour, and learn to act freely from their own initiative. I know it is difficult. It means a spirit of independence, courage, willingness to make sacrifice. It means education, alertness to guard against the insidious schemes of wire-pullers and press-men, as well as of militarists and commercials. It means the per-

ception that only through eternal vigilance can freedom be maintained. Yet it is the only true Democracy; and the logic of its arrival is assured to us by the historical necessity that progress in all countries must pass through the preliminary stages of Feudalism and Commercialism on its way to realise the true life of the mass-peoples.

To-day the uprising of Socialist ideals, of the power of Trade-Unions, and especially the formation of International Unions, show us that we are on the verge of this third stage. We are shaping our way towards the real Democracy, with the attainment of which wars—though they will not cease from the world—will certainly become much rarer. The international *entente* already establishing itself among the manual workers of all the European countries—and which has now become an accepted principle of the Labour movement—is a guarantee and a promise of a more peaceful era; and those who know the artisans and peasants of this and other countries know well how little enmity they harbour in their breasts against each other. Racial and religious wars will no doubt for long continue; but wars to satisfy the ambitions of a military clique or a personal ruler, or the ambitions of a commercial class, or the schemes of financiers, or the engineering of the Press—wars from these all too fruitful causes will, under a sensible Democracy, cease. If Britain, during the last twenty years, had really favoured the cause of the People and their international understanding, there would have been no war now, for her espousal of the mass-peoples' cause would have made her so strong that it would have been too risky for any Government to attack her. But of course that could not have happened, for the simple reason that Conservatism or Liberalism is not Democracy. Conservatism is Feudalism, Liberalism is Commercialism, and Socialism only is in its essence Democracy. It is no good scolding at Sir Edward Grey for making friends with the Russian Government; for his only alternative would have been to join the "International"—which he certainly could not do, being essentially a creature of the commercial *régime*. The "Balance of Power" and the *ententes* and alliances of Figure-head Governments *had* to go on, till the day—which we hope is at hand—when Figure-heads will be no more needed.

Socialism, Materialism, and the War

By H. M. Hyndman and E. Belfort Bax

I.

So remarkable has been the growth of Socialism in all civilised countries, and even in uneducated England, during the last thirty years that the attitude of the International Socialist Party in this unprecedented crisis is of considerable interest to the world at large as well as to Socialists themselves. We admit that the influence exerted by the Socialists to prevent, or limit the extension, of the war has been lamentably small. But it is equally certain that their enemies and their friends alike expected too much of them in this respect. Their failure by no means justifies the Editor of this REVIEW in writing of the "Collapse of Socialism." In France, in Belgium, and in Great Britain Socialism is certainly stronger than it was before the war began, being much more in touch with the mass of national feeling and tending to secure advantages of a practical description for the people, which could not have been obtained before. In Germany, no doubt, the representatives of Social-Democracy in the Reichstag did not take the course anticipated from their record. The majority supported the militarist party by voting for armaments at the commencement of the war, when, in the interest of Socialism generally, they should at least have abstained altogether. Moreover, when war had begun, they apparently acquiesced in the attack on Belgium with hardly any protest.

Bitter, however, as is the animosity at the present time on both sides of the North Sea, it is unquestionable that Social-Democrats did good service to the cause of peace in the past. But their successes were still more impressive to others than they were to themselves. The huge vote of between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 men over twenty-five

years of age, growing steadily at General Election after General Election; the round million of weekly subscribers to the party funds; the ninety daily self-supporting Social-Democratic newspapers; and the admirable organisation of the party as a whole—misled the world outside Germany (including Ministers for Foreign Affairs) into the belief that Socialists could do much more to preserve peace than proved in fact at all possible.

The old leaders of the German Socialist party never at any time made this mistake. They knew that they could not stop, nor even postpone, war, when the dominant caste had resolved upon making it. Bebel, Liebknecht, Singer, and others told one of the signatories of this article, a few years ago, that it was impossible for Social-Democrats to check mobilisation, or to avert hostilities, whether the campaign was directed against France, or England, or Russia. The utmost they could do would be to enter a formal and vigorous protest—a very dangerous matter for the protesters. A definite refusal to obey the call to arms would be dealt with in such a manner as to throw back Socialism for a generation. Open resistance was out of the question. This opinion of the most influential German Socialists was published in England more than once, and never contradicted by them. But their statement was scarcely needed to show the truth. If the Social-Democrats had been able to stop war, obviously they were strong enough to take control in peace.

Still, for forty-four years, they did what they could. They protested against the war of 1870, and their leaders were imprisoned in consequence; they strove their utmost to prevent the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine; they resisted the military fury of the Junkers, as they denounced their reactionary finance; they voted every year for the reduction of the expenditure on armaments and attacked the policy of menace at all their meetings. Quite recently, also, Karl Liebknecht, following in the footsteps of his great father (himself imprisoned times out of number) was incarcerated for exposing the infamies of Prussian militarist discipline. In this patriotic but dangerous work he was boldly seconded by the fiery Rosa Luxembourg, who has just been sent to prison for doing so. Throughout, the party denounced war upon France as a crime against

civilisation. The less we can excuse the panic which seized the majority of their Parliament men, when threatened by Russia, the more credit we should give to their previous efforts; and still more should we applaud those like Karl Liebknecht, Mehring, Ledebour, Clara Zetkin, Rosa Luxembourg, and Bernstein, who have remained true to the faith.

The rank and file of the party, after betrayal by their representatives, had no means of expressing their opinions. But, had Wilhelm Liebknecht and August Bebel been living, we believe that fully half the members of the Social-Democracy would have declared that their views on aggressive warfare were unchanged. If there was no danger of this, why was all Germany kept so carefully in the dark as to the objects and the progress of the war? Why have lies been the current coin of German officialism throughout? It is not necessary to conceal the truth from a nation that is eager for war! But war once entered upon with ruthless energy, it was almost impossible for hundreds of thousands, or even millions, of objectors to make their voices heard. Recall what occurred in Great Britain only fifteen years ago. Although it is probable that a majority of the inhabitants of this island were opposed to the war waged on behalf of international millionaires against the South African Republics, matters were so contrived by the English aggressors that those who publicly opposed that criminal and costly policy—we speak from personal experience—did so at serious risk to life and limb. It is far worse in Germany to-day, where the Prussian Junkers have absolute mastery, with martial law at their command.

Social-Democrats of all nationalities are necessarily vehement advocates of peace between the peoples. They know that there is no real economic antagonism between the workers of the world. Race, religion, greed of gain obscure the true interests of the producers. Social-Democrats are, however, essentially Inter-Nationalists; meaning thereby that they strive for universal understanding among nations to their common advantage. They are not in principle Anti-Nationalists; for that would imply them to be necessarily indifferent to national independence, because capitalism oppresses all alike. They recognise the right of every nationality to safeguard its own independence, or

to free itself from foreign rule. The sympathy of Socialists has always been with the conquered against the conquerors, with the small powers against the great, with the weak against the strong. Moreover, at International Congress after International Congress, side by side with declarations in favour of peace, a resolution has been carried unanimously by the assembled delegates in favour of a National Democratic Citizen Force (or Armed Nation) to ensure effective national defence. Assuredly, therefore, Socialists cannot be honestly denounced either as peace-at-any-price men, or as Chauvinists. They oppose aggression, they resist attack, they help on emancipation. The action of Vaillant, Guesde, Sembat, Vandervelde, Anseele, Plechanoff, Pablo Iglesias, Charles Edward Russell, Herron, Walling, and many English Socialists may be fairly set off against the temporary backsliding of the weaker brethren in Berlin, who could not, as their forerunners did, distinguish between a war of militarist aggression and a war of democratic defence.

To class Marx with Treitschke, Bernhardi, and the rest of the fire-eaters and professors is ludicrous. Marx, and with him Engels, was the most powerful opponent in Europe of all that German Prussianised militarism stands for. He loathed it and all its works, as he showed in his writings, in his conversation and by his actions. Engels, a more impulsive man than Marx, actually wanted to go over and render what aid he could to the French in the war of 1870, and Marx only dissuaded him by urging that his action would be misunderstood by the French themselves. Marx and Engels were strongly opposed to any policy which aimed at giving Germany, as organised in their day, a dominant position in Europe. More than this, they attacked the influence of Prussia and Prussian methods as directly injurious to Germany itself, and as tending to crush down the real greatness of the German people. In practical politics of the day these great men may have made their mistakes; but it is an outrage upon their memory to accuse them of having anything in common with the infuriate military and professorial fulminists of to-day.

True, Socialists work towards the period when, in a wider sphere, all nationalities will be absorbed as separate entities into the great Co-operative Commonwealth of

Socialist Humanity—just as, in the past, Tribes, ceasing to fight among themselves, were combined into a Confederation of Tribes or a People; Cities, abandoning their internecine warfare, expanded into a Province; and Provinces, within whose borders peace became the rule, consolidated themselves into the modern Nation-State. Though, also, armaments intended for use by one nation against another may be unavoidable in the competitive profit-making and commercial system of our day, with the attendant race hatreds inherited from the past, these antagonistic elements will disappear in the general co-operation of internationally-organised industry and the universal peace of to-morrow. But the basic antagonisms to be resolved, before this ideal of the future can be realised, are the economic and class struggles, within each and every nation, mainly due to the system of production itself: not to the persistent efforts of each nation in turn for expansion, or domination, at the expense of other nations.

This great and terrible war has been forced upon the world by Prussian militarist ambition; but this does not mean that Germany must be counted out in the progress of Socialism. Far from it. Notwithstanding her frightful mistakes, Germany, by reason of the superior education of her people, has probably advanced farther towards the solution of the problem of social revolution and social reconstruction than any other country. France gained her solid Republic by the German overthrow of the French Empire. It is within the bounds of possibility that Germany may attain to a still higher and more beneficial transformation when finally defeated by the Allies. "Revisionism" most certainly will not arrest the approaching change. Its influence has been greatly exaggerated as we could easily demonstrate. It is enough to say here that the leader of that clever but unsuccessful sect of mild progressives has himself, not only abjured his errors, but as a patriotic German sees no hope for the uplifting of his country save in the defeat of Prussian policy.

We cannot leave this part of the subject without a word about that fear of Russia which, as we ourselves believe, has so greatly obscured the real issue from German Socialists. This it is which led to their condonation of the attack on Belgium. Bad, but intelligible. The danger of the

Russian advance is admitted by nearly all the Socialist parties in Europe. Scandinavia and Southern Europe feel this as much as Germany. Teutons, in particular, cannot view with calmness the possible advent of an era of Slav conquest and Slav assimilation under Muscovite control. To them, Russia is the advanced guard of Asia in Europe. The line of Slavonic, or Asiatic, progress was sweeping forward even in peace. In Austria, whole districts which, but a few years ago, were completely German in population, in language and in name, are now Slavonic in every respect. The process went steadily on. But Germans, being Germans, failed to understand that the immediate danger of themselves to other nations, handled as they were by Prussian Junkers, loomed larger and seemed more directly hateful than the success of Russia allied with England and France. Muscovite Czarism may be warded off. The Prussian Goth is at the gate.

II.

Any serious consideration of the views of the great war taken by Socialists generally can scarcely fail to lead to an examination of the theories which may affect their judgment on this most important matter. Speaking broadly, Socialists at the present time are, in certain countries, divided into two camps. The minority favour the extreme doctrinaire dogma that all wars in modern times arise out of capitalism and capitalist antagonism, and that, therefore, Socialists should take no part in them whatever, even when national freedom and national independence are at stake. The majority, on the other hand, contend, and act upon the contention, that by no means all modern wars are capitalist wars, or due to capitalist antagonism, and that, even if they were, capitalism plus foreign militarist domination, or racial repression, is worse than domestic capitalism by itself. The former opinion is in opposition to the decisions of International Socialist Congresses: the latter is in accordance with them. The great Peace Congress held at Basle just before the Balkan uprisings made an imposing declaration in favour of universal peace. The workers of the world, as already

said, have really no antagonistic interests, if they understand their true position, and without their aid no war can be carried on. Sound as this may be in the abstract, when war once breaks out, working men are quite ready to take sides, as we see, and to fight to a finish like other classes, and many an ardent pacifist in Great Britain yesterday is an ardent recruit or recruiting agent to-day. Nevertheless, though it is useless and even harmful to preach peace when there is no peace, Socialism will have a good deal to say when this war is over. It has made more progress in this island during the past twelve weeks than it did in the previous twelve years.

It is worth while, therefore, to study the exposition of scientific Socialism known as the materialist interpretation of history of which we hear so much nowadays on both sides of the Atlantic. That this conception influences a growing number of thinkers is apparent. We give the theory below, in the words of its chief promulgator, Karl Marx. Marx, apart from his analysis of capitalist production, which still holds the field in political economy, systematised, and provided a philosophic and historic groundwork for, the ideas popularly expounded years before he came to the front by the English Chartist leaders and the principal French agitators. These ideas comprised the class war, social antagonisms based upon economics, etc. It is his name, therefore, that is generally associated with the theory which he thus formulates himself :—

"In the social production of the environment of their life, human beings enter into certain necessary relations of production which are independent of their will, and correspond to a determinate stage of development of their material and productive forces. The totality of these relations of production form the economic structure of the society, the real basis upon which a judicial and political superstructure raises itself, and to which determinate forms of social consciousness correspond. The mode of production of the material life of society conditions the socio-political and intellectual life process generally. It is not the consciousness of men that determines their existence but, on the contrary, their social existence that determines their consciousness. At a certain stage of their development, the material productive forces of society come into con-

tradiction with the existing relations of production, or, to speak in judicial language, with the conditions of property holding, under which they have hitherto worked. When this is the case, the forms of development proper to the productive forces become suddenly transformed into fetters for these forces. An epoch of social revolution is then entered upon. With the transformation of the economic basis, the whole immense superstructure sooner or later undergoes a complete bouleversement. In considering such revolutions as these, one must always distinguish between the material revolution in the economic conditions of production, and the judicial, political, religious, artistic or philosophical—in short, the ideological form, in which mankind becomes aware of the conflict and under which it is fought out. Just as little as one can judge an individual by what he thinks of himself can we judge such a period of revolution from its own consciousness alone. On the contrary, we must rather explain this consciousness by the contradictions obtaining in the material life of the time, in the conflict existing between the social forms of production and the social relations of production. A social formation never passes away before all the productive forces immanent within it have had time to develop themselves, and new and higher relations of production never establish themselves before the material conditions of their existence have already been formed within the womb of the old society. Hence mankind only sets itself tasks that it can accomplish, for if we consider the matter carefully we shall find that the problem to be solved never arises except where the material conditions of its solution are already present, or at least where they are already in process of realising themselves. In their broader outlines, oriental, classical, feudal, and modern modes of production may be designated as progressive epochs in the economic formation of society. The bourgeois relations of production are the last of the antagonistic forms of the social progress of production, antagonistic, not in the sense of individual antagonism, but of an antagonism arising out of the social conditions underlying the life of individuals. These are created by the productive forces developing themselves within the womb of bourgeois society, which forces create at the same time the material conditions for

the resolution of the antagonism thus created. With the present social formation, therefore, the introductory period of the history of human society is closed."

Now, it is obvious, if we accept this as a complete summary of human development, that mankind in society is thereby reduced to a collection of merely sentient automata, unconsciously dominated, from generation to generation, by economic circumstances, outside of their own cognition or control. Moreover, used in this sense, the word and the conception "materialist" or (perhaps better) "economic" assumes the attributes of a God, or First Cause. And, indeed, some of Marx's followers are quite content to ascribe to it such a power. That is to say, the materialist, which for them means the economic, factor devours all other factors in the long history of man in society, and proceeds onwards and upwards of its own motion and volition. Progress is assumed as one of the properties inherent in matter, giving forth of itself an impulse towards the modification of human environment. Hence all individual, as well as all social, improvement, becomes virtually automatic.

The mental or psychologic factor is thus wholly eliminated. The inevitable rules society inevitably. Consciousness is nothing more than determination of the object of consciousness (*i.e.*, of its own object!). The social advance is no more than an effort of highly organised matter to reach an unseen goal, in which effort mankind renders blind assistance as a vitalised material agent. How or why progress rather than stagnation or retrogression should result from such uninfluenced material evolution, no attempt is made to explain.

There must, we suppose, be some charm to certain minds in this crushing down of active mentality. The simplicity of the theory is itself a perfect joy to searchers after the universal formula—the philosopher's stone—for the transmutation into certainty of all that is knowable. This key opens up, lays bare, and explains every period of history in its innermost detail. The adjustment, also, of apparently irreconcilable historic developments to the theory, wholly regardless of more obvious reasons for what has taken place, possesses an attraction for the devotees of this materialist cult of abstraction, which transcends even

the believer's delight in tracing "the finger of God" in every incident of life. Save that men of genuine ability, such as Karl Kautsky, the late Paul Lafargue, Morris Hillquit, and a few others, including from another side Robert Blatchford, accept this human automatism as a material revelation, it would not be worth while to expose the shortcomings of Marx's brilliant and pregnant generalisation, when pushed to extremes.

What Marx overlooked, in the passage quoted, is that one factor of a complex synthesis cannot constitute reality: least of all can one aspect of one factor do so. The total material conditions, omitting the mental factor, are as purely abstract as the mind itself divorced from its material expression is abstract. Still more does the economic element by itself, severed from the other material conditions, become an abstraction: being, indeed, an abstraction of an abstraction. In the domain of social psychology, family and tribal feeling, internal and external perception, mental combinations, imagination, etc., all have their influence.

The last-named psychologic factor, in particular, often works in direct antagonism to material interests, both individual and social. The crudest superstitions have very greatly influenced human action, in many ways and in various directions. Even the profound belief in what, to the average modern mind, is an absurdity, such as "the Second Advent" of the Christ which, by no possible perversion of ideas can be attributed to the economic forms, or the economic development, of the time, had a powerful influence upon the actions, as well as upon the teachings, of the early Christians. The hope of another world, with its sempiternal happiness for disembodied spirits, brought about an indifference to this world with its material needs. This is common to all supernatural religions, when really believed in. Similar, and almost as widely spread, popular delusions, which also had no bearing whatsoever upon the material side of social life, produced very serious effects upon men in society—effects which extended over whole continents, and lasted for long periods.

Many historic situations, also, cannot possibly be explained by the comparatively simple formula of economic antagonisms, and the struggle of classes thence resulting.

Granting that these class-struggles themselves were wholly due to the purely economic factor (of itself a very large concession), there were other desperate conflicts going on simultaneously, or successively, which had nothing at all to do with class warfare. The antagonisms of race, of religion, of custom, and so on, have brought about some of the most terrible conflagrations the world has ever seen. History bristles with illustrations of this truth. Can there be anything more absurd than to try to prove that the early movements of Mohammedanism, or Peter the Hermit's Crusade are traceable, either directly or indirectly, to the economics of the time? The attempt falls through of its own fatuity. Nevertheless, the long-drawn conflict extending over centuries which resulted from the growing power of the more recent Asiatic creed, Mohammedanism, and the furious assaults upon it of the older Asiatic religion, Christianity, greatly affected the future of the race. That economic interests arose out of and followed the initial religious antagonism may be true; but this does not in the least weaken the original contention: namely, that the antagonism was mainly psychologic and not economic. The Social-Democratic movement is itself a refutation of the purely materialistic theory; inasmuch as Germany, where economic conditions are less developed than in England or America, nevertheless, owing to psychologic causes, has organised that movement much more vigorously and capably than either of the other two countries.*

All wars are no more of necessity economic wars than all internal national conflicts are of necessity class struggles.

This is as true of modern wars as of the wars of history, and is particularly applicable to the greatest war the world has ever seen in which we, as a nation, are taking part to-day. That many wars of our time have been waged in the interest, real or supposed, of the capitalist class does

* An even more striking instance is the advance of social democracy in Finland. Here is a poor and very sparsely inhabited country, whose chief industries, tar and papermaking, only employ a very small number of the working population. The majority of Finns are peasants or farmers; yet for the last seven years the social democratic vote has steadily increased, until its representatives comprise very nearly half of the whole elected assembly. Further, the majority of this vote is polled by the agricultural workers of Finland—peasants from remote farms and forests—living, under the most primitive conditions, upon a harsh and barren soil.

not admit of dispute. Such wars are, in fact, so numerous that only the eager desire to make the economic theory *universally* valid could induce the fanatics of materialistic monism to insist upon bringing the present war within the limits of the same category. The wars in China, Burmah, South Africa, Morocco, Tonquin, Cochin China, Madagascar, Manchuria, Korea, Cuba, Tripoli, and the Philippines were undoubtedly all of them capitalist wars in the strict sense: wars, that is to say, whose primary object was to obtain an extension of trade and commerce, or to ensure the expansion of some financial scheme. On the other hand, the wars of emancipation, such as those of Italy and Hungary and the Balkan Principalities, cannot be brought under this head; nor can the wars of Germany against Austria and France.

The war between Great Britain, France, Russia, Servia, etc., against Germany and Austria-Hungary is likewise not a capitalist war in its origin.

III.

The rise of Prussia to its present position of domination over Germany, and lately even over Austria, has, of course, been due to militarism. The history of Frederick the Great and his wars, in which he made defeats as fruitful as other generals made victories, shows that clearly enough; and, when Prussia had recovered from Jena and Auerstadt, the tale was taken up by the reorganised army which, after Leipzig and Waterloo, became the most powerful engine of war on the continent of Europe. Nearly fifty years elapsed, however, before the successful campaigns of 1864, 1866, and 1870, against Denmark, Austria, and France, proved that the Prussian military system still preserved the organisation and impetus given to it by Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, and that the lessons of thorough unscrupulousness in diplomacy, taught by the ablest of the Hohenzollerns, had not been lost upon Bismarck. From 1871 onwards, Prussianised Germany, by far the best-educated, and industrially and commercially the most progressive, country in Europe, with the enormous advantage of her central position, was, consciously and unconsciously,

making ready for her next advance. The policy of a good understanding with Russia, maintained for many years, to such an extent that, in foreign affairs, Berlin and St. Petersburg were almost one city, enabled Germany to feel secure against France, while she was devoting herself to the extension of her rural and urban powers of production. Never at any time did she neglect to keep her army in a posture of offence. All can now see the meaning of this.

Militarism is in no sense necessarily economic. But the strength of Germany for war was rapidly increased by her success in peace. From the date of the great financial crisis of 1874, and the consequent reorganisation of her entire banking system, Germany entered upon that determined and well-thought-out attempt to attain pre-eminence in the trade and commerce of the world of which we have not yet seen the end. From 1878, when the German High Commissioner, von Rouleaux, stigmatised the exhibits of his countrymen as "cheap and nasty," special efforts were made to use the excellent education and admirable powers of organisation of Germany in this field. The Government rendered official and financial help in both agriculture and manufacture. Scientific training, good and cheap before, was made cheaper and better each year. Railways were used not to foster foreign competition, as in Great Britain, by excessive rates of home freight, but to give the greatest possible advantage to German industry in every department. In more than one rural district, the railways were worked at an apparent loss, in order to foster home production, from which the nation derived far greater advantage than such apparent sacrifice entailed. The same system of State help was extended to shipping until the great German liners, one of which, indeed, was actually subsidised by England, were more than holding their own with the oldest and most celebrated British companies.

Protection, alike in agriculture and in manufacture, bound the whole Empire together in essentially Imperial bonds. Right or wrong in theory—which it is not here necessary to discuss—there can be no doubt whatever that this policy entirely changed the face of Germany, and rendered her our most formidable competitor in every market. Emigration, which had been proceeding on a vast scale, almost entirely ceased. The savings banks were

overflowing with deposits. The position of the workers was greatly improved. Not only were German Colonies secured in Africa and Asia, which were more trouble than they were worth, but very profitable commerce with our own Colonies and Dependencies was growing by leaps and bounds, at the expense of the out-of-date but self-satisfied commercialists of Old England. Hence arose a trade rivalry, against which we could not hope to contend successfully in the long run, except by a complete revolution in our methods of education and business, to which neither the Government nor the dominant class would consent.

This remarkable advance in Germany, also, was accompanied by the establishment of a system of banking, specially directed to the expansion of national industry and commerce, a system which was clever enough to use French accumulations, borrowed at a low rate of interest, through the German Jews who so largely controlled French financial institutions, in order still further to extend their own trade. It was an admirably organised attempt to conquer the world-market for commodities, in which the Government, the Banks, the Manufacturers and the Shipowners all worked for the common cause. Meanwhile, both French and English financiers carefully played the game of their business opponents, and the great English Banks devoted their attention chiefly to fostering speculation on the Stock Exchange—a policy of which the Germans took advantage, just before the outbreak of war, to an extent not by any means as yet fully understood.

Thus, at the beginning of the present year, in spite of the withdrawal, since the Agadir affair, of very large amounts of French capital from the German market, Germany had attained to such a position that only the United States stood on a higher plane in regard to its future in the world of competitive commerce. And this great and increasing economic strength was, for war purposes, at the disposal of the Prussian militarists, if they succeeded in getting the upper hand in politics and foreign affairs.

The only party in Germany which was deeply interested in making war was this same Junker party and its militarist friends. They constituted the last military caste, as a caste, left in the world. They were being threatened on two sides. On the one hand, the great capitalists, with

whom the Kaiser was more friendly than he was towards the Junkers, were gaining influence and power, aided by the State, in every direction. Fiscal protection against agricultural imports and control over the army did not compensate them for being thus supplanted at Court and in political influence. Every year that passed made their position, as they thought, more insecure. Hence their endeavour to make their power felt in every household, and their growing determination to impress their superiority upon the mass of the people by almost unendurable arrogance and brutality, alike to soldiers under their command and to civilians who at any time might be at their mercy. Militarist policy only waited its opportunity to push ahead with vigour, and, in its desire to obtain for itself in the name of Germany (as its ablest writers admitted) the leadership and the domination of Europe, nothing was omitted from the necessary preparations which science could suggest or which material organisation could provide. The incident of military ruffianism at Zabern, which horrified Europe, but left Prussia unmoved, was but a fair example of the tendency in one direction; the secretly-built howitzers for the destruction of Belgian and French forts was a manifestation of the other. Only war was needed to give full outlet to both.*

And war became the more necessary from the Junker point of view on account of that astounding growth of German Social-Democracy to which we have already made reference. For German Social-Democracy, though in direct antagonism to German Capitalism, was even more menacing, or so it was thought, to German Militarism, and for that reason could rely to some extent upon support from the German lower middle-class and even from the great German capitalists. Neither of these sections had any love for the Junkers and their military caste, nor had they any desire for war. In fact, as quite probably the Kaiser himself and his more sober advisers saw clearly,

* Endeavours have been made of late, in more than one quarter, to confuse the exceptional militarist caste in Prussia with the military staffs and officers in Great Britain and other European countries. The difference both politically, socially, and militarily is very great. Nowhere, not even in Austria, where the power of the aristocracy over the army is quite bad enough, have the prejudices of a hereditary caste been so greatly strengthened and rendered so intolerable, by the irresponsible arrogance of military command, as in Prussia, and, through Prussia, in Germany.

Germany was gaining so much and so rapidly by her quiet but unceasing progress in peace that she could not possibly hope to obtain more by war without encountering desperate risks. Therefore, capitalists and people were at first dragged into hostilities by the military caste, whose policy had been systematically advocated among the "intellectuals" by the university professors for at least fifty years. This, consequently, is not a carefully-prepared war of capitalist aggression against rival capitalists. It is the final effort of Prussian Militarism to retain its predominance at home by conquest and annexation abroad. The Junkers were losing ground: war might enable them to recover what they had lost and a great deal more. Therefore, foreign war was deliberately engineered in order to save the domestic situation. Hence the intrigues of this Camarilla around the Kaiser and his family, as well as in every capital in Europe: hence the constant and at last successful efforts to embroil Austria and Russia against their will in the trouble arising out of the Serajevo assassination: hence the sudden attack upon Belgium as a preliminary to the crushing of France: hence also the miscalculation about the attitude of England which the Junkers could not understand.

To the amazement of all foreign Socialists the German Social-Democrats supported the militarists, who were their worst enemies. Why? "Russia the enemy" was substituted for "England the enemy"—the cry since 1878—and Social-Democrats, like other Germans, were misled. Unfortunately, too, the English capitalist newspapers played into the hands of the German Chauvinists all over the Fatherland by starting an agitation, immediately on the outbreak of war, for "the capture of German trade"; as if sheer capitalist greed on our side, and not the outrage upon Belgian neutrality, the attempt to immolate France, or even the necessity for defending the independence of Great Britain herself, was the real reason why this nation declared war upon Germany. The truth being, of course, that the capitalist class in Great Britain, native and foreign, was strongly on the side of peace. The grim irony of the thing is almost unprecedented in history.

Peace favoured the commercial expansion of Germany. Peace favoured the racial growth of the Slavs with Russia

behind them. Peace favoured the consolidation and permanence of the French Republic. Peace favoured the general policy of Great Britain. Yet war was forced upon the world by the fear and the ambition of the only purely militarist and reactionary system left in Europe. Outside Germany, even the most rigid conscription does not engender a military caste of the nature it has created there. But Prussianised Germany, as represented by the Junkers, with Austria-Hungary trailing at her heels, was becoming more militarist every day.

Victory for such a power would inevitably bring about a long set-back, not only to Socialism in Germany, but to democracy all over Europe. For that democracy, as well as Socialism, will be attacked and repressed if the Prusso-German army wins is apparent from what is already to be seen in Germany itself. Prussia, the headquarters of Junkerdom and militarism, bristles with reaction. Her political system and methods of election are entirely behind the times. So far, also, notwithstanding the great and growing power of Social-Democracy in Berlin and throughout Prussia, it has been found impossible to introduce reforms. Not only so, but reaction has gained ground in the South. In Saxony, where Social-Democracy had made most effective use of universal suffrage, that democratic right had actually been taken away from the people, and no effective protest was made by Social-Democrats against this high-handed action of the reactionary minority. As the Social-Democrat poll mounted up, at General Election after General Election, the Junkers openly threatened to suppress universal suffrage throughout the Empire in the same way. Should they win in war they will carry out this policy in peace, and the countries they conquer, annex, or put under tutelage will be subjected in like manner to the rule of the sabre. Culture is only useful in the minds of the Junkers in so far as it enables them to dominate and oppress. Triumphant abroad, they will be the despots of Central and Western Europe.

Happily, this misfortune seems unlikely to befall humanity and civilisation, including Germany herself. Prussianised Germany to-day like Napoleonic France of a century ago has raised against herself the most formidable combination the world has ever seen. Yet we

have all had a narrow escape from at least her temporary success. The conspiracy against the independence and general freedom of all her neighbours was conducted with masterly ability and good fortune, up to the point when the tide was turned back on the Marne. German calculations were by no means so rash as some of us are now apt to imagine. If by far the greatest danger of modern times seems to be slowly passing away, this is due to the fact that her own policy has forced her enemies to fight with unheard-of resolution and patriotism. Let us hope that the defeat of Prussian militarism, to which we may confidently look forward at an earlier or later date, will be accompanied by the uprising of all that is really noblest in the German people, who have been made its dupes, its tools, and its victims. On the side of the Allies there is no ruthless hatred against Germany—though that the wrongs done by her soldiery must be duly paid for is a sad consequence of the hideous Attilism which has disgraced her campaign —but when the war is over, that a new and greater Germany may again take a leading place in the ranks of great nations striving for human progress is the sincere desire of not a few of those who have been compelled for years past most vigorously to denounce and oppose her as a standing menace to Europe.

A War Note for Democrats

By H. M. Tomlinson

At dinner recently, in a French train so crowded with refugees and wounded soldiers that the lavatory of our carriage was occupied by a woman and four children, for whom there was no room in the corridor where I had been standing long enough to forget time is supposed to fly, a French officer supplied the bottle of buffet wine, and I found a lump of bread wrapped in a newspaper. Very good they were, too. The soldier was troubled by something he had been reading in an English Tory paper. This newspaper had told him that a delight in war is proper to human nature—it argued war was even vitally necessary for a community now and then, as a purge; or some thin nonsense of the kind which comes easy enough to men who know of nothing to prevent their own safe arrival at a London suburb every night during any war time, while their younger brethren are being mangled elsewhere.

We have been long familiar, of course, with the bores who punctuate perverted theories of "the survival of the fittest" with cigars in club-rooms, prompted by the warmth and leisure which come of repletion and liqueurs, and who have never in their lives fought anything more dangerous than an income-tax demand. But this French soldier accepted the offending leading article as a matter of importance. He got from it the idea, I gathered, that the successes of the Allies were beginning to infect some minds in England with the warlike sense of security which flushes middle-aged men of ill-condition after a period of ugly disquietude. They begin to feel easy, expansive, and truculent again in the common vague and patriotic way; they grow more clearly conscious that might is right, if the meat chopper is handled in the honourable manner befitting soldiers and gentlemen. The Prussian officers at Zabern knew all about it, too. They were absolutely without doubt

about it, and showed us what is meant in the earliest form of its beauty, as the fellow of the right sort, whose boots are hobnailed, is able to impose his will upon his wife, if she is small enough; the expression of "the will to power" that is, which, to the credit of the dogs, a big dog hardly ever displays to a little dog.

But this Frenchman, who was not only a soldier, but had been fighting regularly every day, and sometimes all night, for six weeks, lost his temper when he thought of it, and was even a little alarmed. We will continue to keep in mind that he had seen war made with the latest products of the engineer and the chemist. He had just come from Alsace, and was going to Arras, where much more desperate and important fighting was developing than he had witnessed on the eastern frontier. As an intelligent man, with the hate of waste and squalor which is felt by all intelligent people, he was well aware that the present war was caused by just such crude blasphemy against the civilised human mind as this leading article showed. It was the opinion, he indicated, of a pompous and stupid soul, in which information does not go to make wisdom, but becomes an undigested and deleterious mass, resulting in all the symptoms of ill-health: arrogance, a touchiness about its code, contempt for what it does not understand, anger against anything which thwarts it, and an indifference to all appeals, however just and urgent, like those of children, which have nothing but righteousness to support them, and so may be ignored. It reflected, this screed, the sort of mind which would not matter to any of us any more than the costermonger's conviction that his green and unsound apples are a long-felt want, but for the fact, which will continue to count while so many of us are what we are, that birth, education, and position naturally confer privileges on some men which their intrinsic merits do not warrant. For exactly that reason the Prussian military caste, which is at present causing Europe more harm than a general and virulent epidemic of cholera, infected simple and honest German souls, till the time came when they believed national strength to be commensurate with the number and calibre of their guns, and alien rights to be no more than aliens could defend against a surprise of swords; where swords and guns prove successful, there consequently the

alien people are entitled to nothing except the things the conquerors do not want—a philosophy so simple that it leaves one wondering whether it was really worth while von Bernhardi codifying impulses which any ape would understand without the aid of a written language.

That French soldier, like most of the soldiers I have been meeting since the middle of August, was so filled with horror of war that he was enduring its rigours, and practising it with every cunning trick his trained mind could devise, and his courage could execute, so that his children might never know what it was. He said so. Our own soldiers say the same thing. Nor does it seem to be a password about this war which is being repeated everywhere as the correct thing to say. There is no doubt it is a spontaneous conviction with those who feel it to be their immediate duty to deal once and for all with militarism. "Never again."

One hears in France the same thought expressed so often, and from men of such widely differing types, that the meaning of it is as clear and certain as the general confession of a simple and profound faith. There was the English Tommy not long back from the fighting at Lille. A rifle-bullet had pierced his face from the left side of his nose to the angle of the opposite jaw; enough to shock conviction and enthusiasm out of any man. His broad, friendly, and unimaginative East Anglian countenance—I suppose his family has cultivated a retentive clay for many generations—was rather spoiled. But he was not complaining about that. He was only thankful his face was not half shot away, as he guessed it was when he was struck. Chiefly, he was hoping he would soon be fit to return to the firing-line; he had a wife and family in England. "But it's got to be done," he admitted, with the quietness which comes of an idea there can be no disputing. "This war was bound to come, and we've got to finish it proper. No more of this bloody rot for the kids, an' chance it."

One more. I had a long chat with a French infantryman who had come from Lorraine and was going north. Not long since he was a donkeyman in a steamer under the red ensign, and from what I know of ships I should say the second engineer who had this Frenchman under him was thankful for one strong, honest, and clever worker.

He told me of his young family, nearly all girls, at Havre. I think he found pleasure in telling me about them. But he was filled with the dark doubt that he would never see them again. He had made up his mind that he was going to die soon. He had surrendered, you will note, every claim he had to the things which make life worth having, to his health, and to the ship he liked because he was lusty and knew his work, and to that home on the memory of which he dwelt with a minuteness showing, in a way there was no mistaking, where chiefly his thoughts were. Yet he would not have left that train, which was taking him to more fighting and the death he expected, had he been given the honourable chance. He was a Socialist, and he thought war was cruel stupidity, so he told me, but this war was like no war the world had seen before. He had no hate for the Germans; he was going to fire at them, and I could guess with what care and cold purpose, because, while they were alive, Europe would have no peace, and homes and ideas no safety. It could not be questioned. His sole duty now was to kill as many Germans as he could before they killed him. He had one solid satisfaction which consoled him, when he thought of Havre. He knew he had killed four of the enemy already —more than his fair share—because he had counted them with a bayonet. He liked bayonet work better than trench work because you could tell exactly how you were getting on with the job. He argued that if every man could but kill four of the enemy before he died then the war would soon be over; and the sooner it was over the better.

There was nothing peculiar about this man. He represented a point of view which is seen, as a hill is seen above a plain, by most of the men, I believe, who are fighting in Belgium and France. Foreign students in Paris, Americans among them, men who think of militarism as they think of muck, cretinism, and profitmongering, saw in the German advance a menace to every human effort towards making this planet good to dwell upon; and shocked by the spectacle of Belgium, a populous and busy country which had been up-ended by a vast non-moral power, and tipped chaotically into the sea, people, homes, and industries, as a drunken lunatic would up-end a table at which a family was at dinner, they dropped pictures, literature,

and studies, joined the French Foreign Legion, and got some guns. They recognised the sole urgent business of a young democrat with a steady hand and a clear eye at this present time is to kill German soldiers as quickly as possible, not because he hates them, but because, until they repent and confess with their hands up, nothing is safe. These students were very hearty about it, and I had a cheerful time in Paris with some of them before they set about their new task. They were going to fight with no joy, but because there was nothing else to do.

Well, there are those of us who are past the age, and are not of the skill, to give them the only aid which counts at present—an ability to put corrective lead into the revivalists of Odin. No room can be allowed in modern Europe for worshippers of the old war gods, whatever their names—not even for those who admire the tribal God of Battles of the Israelitish nomads, Jehovah. There must be an overturning of all the ancient mysteries in groves, where the dark of the human mind, the shadows and stains of its earliest days, are treasured by atavistic prophets and priests and kings with a diseased fervour which is at last convincing to plain men who merely delight in common daylight without asking themselves why they do so. At last even a nation of plain people, like the Germans, can be convinced, peering curiously but a little nervously into the gloom, that there is something in it, when repeatedly told so by cunning and energetic monomaniacs. And there is something in it, of course. There is the ruin of the brutish image they left there ages ago, and had forgotten, with the bones of ancient sacrifices still under its altar-stones. When a whole nation, and a very powerful nation, in the midst of other nations who are beginning to see better things, suddenly sees red again in the ancient evil way, and turns once more on its surprised neighbours, there is but one thing to be done; there can be no disputing that.

It is being done; and they who have the work in hand are doing it with a stoicism and will, in the midst of hardships and horrors so appalling that war correspondents are being kept very carefully away from it all, because our own militarists are determined the public shall not learn, even now, of the agony, waste, and loathly filth of war, which has filled me—as it has others who have seen them at work—

with shame that we can do no more than admit our respect and gratitude, and pay increased taxation cheerfully.

The truth about the present fighting, especially the fighting between Arras and Nieuport, and more particularly the events on that portion of the line between Dixmude and Lille, cannot be told—well, it cannot be rendered in words significant enough to shock into understanding the people who are looking in the newspapers now for stories of heroism, "brilliant bayonet charges," and the rest of the inducements which sell stories of warfare, but tell us nothing about it. Perhaps, indeed, there are no words for it. I doubt whether the sincerest artist, finely sensitive, and with the choicest army of words at his ready and accurate command, could assemble the case. The mind of a witness in France is not stirred; it is stunned. One is speechless before the spectacle of men, not fighting in the way two angry men would fight, but coolly blasting great masses of their opponents to pieces at long range, and out of sight of each other, till a region with its wrecked towns and homesteads is littered with human bowels and fragments. It is possible to value human life too highly, maybe. But what profit, physical moral or economic, can be got from draining several nations' best male generative force into the clay, I leave it to worshippers of tribal war-gods of whatever church, and to the military minds, to explain. One is told that in this present war England, France, and Russia were allowed no alternative but to fight, for Germany, it seems, made up her mind long since to be scientifically predatory. But unless the democracies of Europe, after settling this business, see to securing such a settlement—whatever the governing classes desire—that this Continental waste can never occur again, then one would have to admit human nature is too stupid and base to be troubled over any longer. Humanity would not be worth saving; and the obliteration of our defiling planet from the skies by its sorely-tried Creator would be a desirable and hygienic act. One might hope, just before the serene blue showed empty and unstained where our earth had been, one might hope, I think, to hear, as a flash of personal satisfaction before extinction came, a great laugh from nowhere at the necessity to blot out a civilisation which for two thousand years had been trained by

learned experts, under the blessings of thrones and parliaments, with the symbol everywhere of the sacrificial Cross to keep us reminded, to follow the cynical advice of loving one another.

A short time since, back on the coast from a country shut in by a barrier of smoke, where the villages were in flames and the guns were violently at work, and in the nearer fields the shells were exploding casually while unguided children ran and screamed, I sat in a *café* wondering whether we should ever find grace again. An endless procession of refugees passed by in the rain outside, and I suppose few of them knew where they were going, and none of them knew what to do. Soddened bundles were slung over the bent backs of the women, who pushed perambulators full of babies and things, while elder children trailed behind. I thought of Croydon, with the town hall clock-tower heaped across the deserted High Street, and German machine-guns behind the rubbish; where the shops were in flames, and a few citizens lay motionless in absurd attitudes on the stones; with shrapnel detonating, so it sounded, in every square yard of air, while walls were bulging and collapsing as though built without mortar; with the parson dead under the vicarage wall in the familiar street deserted by all my friends and neighbours, who were toiling in the rain with bundles, over the fields beyond, in a direction they hoped was away from trouble, but did not know. It might, perchance, come to that—it would come to that if the Germans could manage it. Developing human intelligence had brought Europe to this state. Then another procession began to pass the café. Hundreds of Belgian infantrymen were limping into town to have their wounds dressed. As to uniforms, they were scarecrows, and their rags were glued together with clay. Some had portions of the face shot away, and they were staunching the drainage with their fingers. There were those with mutilated hands, which dripped from the ends. There were those who hobbled with bare and torn feet, and who left red marks in the mud. They had the faces of men who had seen the worst, and had forgotten their past. Their faces were yellow and shrunken, and their eyes met mine, where I sat drinking, with the apprehensive but unintelligent interest of suffering beasts.

I got outside. It would be rather difficult to explain my emotions. One of the poor fellows collapsed at my feet.

Anyhow, they are of the men who are protecting the things essential to you and to me against the threat of downfall. And those mutilated fellows were the luckier ones. Others were worse. There are old trenches full of dead soldiers better described as ditches which are choked with a drainage of decaying animal matter. Our duty, in this affair, is, as in this instance, a matter of looking on, and ruthlessly truthful discussion. But we have something to bear in mind, something important to preserve, until the deafening uproar has died down, and there are signs of returning sanity in Europe. These sacrifices of the fellows who did the great work for the democracies of Europe must bear full value. Already there is plenty of evidence, even in England, that a small but powerful caste intend to use the result of this war, not for the purpose of widening the boundaries of our liberties, but for restricting them. The suffering, terrible beyond report, baffling the imagination, will all have been in vain if we allow this cynical and selfish class, the same people who used the successful end of the war against Napoleon to oppress the common folk whose rather stupid valour demolished the schemes of that great genius, to do now as they did then. We may be sure they will try to do it. If we allow them to succeed we shall prove not only poltroons, not worth the efforts of our lads in France, but traitors to those who died. They will have died uselessly. And so now, to such as that Tory leader-writer represents, it is time to say that if they hope, as doubtless they do, that the general weariness of the common folk, after this tremendous effort and sacrifice, will present them, the governing class, with the finest opportunity in history of securing more firmly the interests of those who are upheld and live by everything that is meant by Krupp, then some of us are most definitely assured that it would be better, far better, to continue this war, wherever necessary, in our own way, and for other ends, and to deal with such a caste, here or in France, as now our soldiers are dealing with the Prussian variety.

Poland and the Present War

By J. H. Retinger

For many years now the average Englishman has been accustomed to regard Poland as a splendid poem, a moving stage-play. Only the terrible fate of Belgium has helped him in some measure to realise that the poem which is called Poland has been much more in the nature of a surgical operation of which a whole nation is the unwilling victim.

In 1772, the year of the partition, the kingdom of Poland was about 780,000 square kilometres in extent. In this earliest attempt to tear asunder the "living flesh of Poland," in the vivid language of the Russian Commander-in-Chief, Prussia, Austria, and Russia seized territory of about 226,000 square kilometres in area. In 1793, Russia and Prussia divided between them a further portion of about 300,000 square kilometres, and three years later all three Powers completed the partition of Poland. Not, however, until the Congress of Vienna (1815) were the frontiers of the three Powers definitely fixed. Russia's share consisted of the nine governments of Lithuania and Ukraina, *i.e.*, Vilna, Grodno, Kovno, Mohilew, Minsk, Vitebsk, Podolia, Volhynia, and Kieff, besides the kingdom of Poland; while the Prussians acquired West Prussia, the Duchy of Poznan (Posen), and part of East Prussia; and the Austrians secured the whole of Galicia. The territory which formerly formed part of the kingdom of Poland now contains a population of forty-one millions. To-day, however, the districts mainly inhabited by the Poles do not include the nine governments of Lithuania and Ukraina, although the Poles there still form a very large minority. On the other side, the Polish ethno-

graphical territory extends to Austrian and Prussian Silesia. The total number of Poles in Europe is more than twenty-three and a half millions.

These plain figures should show the supreme importance of the Polish question in Central and Eastern Europe, so much the more since Poland, though geographically mutilated almost beyond recognition, politically and æsthetically is as vivid and forceful an individuality as ever lived and preserved its soul through almost unendurable oppression. Mental and bodily bludgeoning served not to break, but to buttress its national spirit; and though to-day scarcely a family has not its sons and brothers domiciled in different parts of Poland, though Pole is fighting Pole, brother against brother, son against father, in a war which was none of their seeking, to-morrow, please God, will see Poland, proud and united, once more take her place among the nations.

Until the last insurrection, which ended in 1864, Poland was a living symbol of the fight for freedom. Rising time after time against overwhelming odds, the Poles allowed no opportunity to escape of demonstrating their passionate desire for liberty. Eighty thousand of them fought with Napoleon, clinging to the end, with pitiful persistence, to the shreds of promises he had held out to them of deliverance from the oppressors' yoke. With General Chrzanowski and the then Colonel Zamoyski, they helped the Belgians in their war of independence. A Polish General, Mieroslawski, was leader of the insurrection in Sicily; later, General Chrzanowski became commander of the Sardinian forces; Dembinski, Wysocki, and Bem, all Poles, led the Hungarian struggle for freedom in 1848. At the time of the Crimean War, General Count Zamoyski offered a corps of Polish volunteers to the British Government, and they were accepted, though the subsequent end of the war gave them no opportunity of taking part in any important battle. Every American knows the names of Kosciusko and Pulawski, co-partners with Washington in the pioneer work of American independence. In the early years of the nineteenth century, Poland's hopeless struggles gave expression to the libertarian tendencies of Europe. Thomas Campbell, Lamartine, and Tennyson celebrated them in verse; British diplomats sent sympathetic despatches . . .

but the Poles still suffered. The first article of the Treaty of Vienna, from which neither Great Britain, France, Russia, Austria, nor Prussia has withdrawn its signature, still promised: "Les Polonais, sujets russes, autrichiens, et prussiens, reçoivent une representation et des institutions nationales." . . .

After 1863, the policy of the Poles changed, and they turned to more pacific propaganda. They rose no more in hopeless rebellion, though not a drop of the blood shed in innumerable battles was spilt in vain, but they now encouraged education and science; they endeavoured to develop their industries, neglected and all but ruined by wars and levies. In this direction, again, not a single hindrance was spared them. Unjust taxation aimed at the prevention of industry; Russia's prohibition of the building of roads and railways prevented the growth of commerce. High schools were closed, universities were Russianised, secondary and primary schools either closed or Germanised or Russianised; and for many years not a single lesson was learnt in Polish in Russian or Prussian Poland.

For many years now both Prussian and Russian Governments have forbidden private persons or institutions to teach the Polish language to Polish children. Immediately the well-known Ukaze of 1905 was issued, over a thousand primary schools were opened in Russian Poland and attended by sixty-three thousand children. Eighteen months afterwards all of them were closed. The Polish religion was persecuted, most of their Bishops exiled, the Uniates exiled or executed, the head of the Polish Church, Cardinal Ledochowski, confined in a Prussian prison; over a milliard marks were voted by the Prussian Government for the acquisition of Polish estates . . . but all in vain. The Polish spirit refused to be broken; the Polish population increased faster than the foreign element; Polish banks in Prussian Poland successfully financed landowners against the German Colonisation Commissions; the industry of Russian Poland became the most important in the whole Empire, amounting to 24 per cent. of the total; and, finally, Polish culture produced Mme. Curie, Sienkiewicz, Paderewski. Never more significant than now, even in this heavy storm of

war that hangs over and harasses Poland, was the utterance of an eminent Victorian statesman: "Polish nationality cannot be extinguished."

The situation of the Poles is particularly distressing in the present war. The measure of their newly-revived hope of ultimate independence is the measure of their present suffering. It is, of course, well known that three similar proclamations have been issued by Russia, Germany, and Austria, promising a united Poland, political freedom, and even self-government. The three protagonists are moving hand and foot to win over the population of this country; even the Prussians, who with one hand bring war and destruction, offer assurances of good faith with the other. More than any other country, more even than Belgium, is Poland stricken by the war. On three-quarters of Polish territory the brunt of it is being waged. The biggest battles of the Eastern campaign have been, and have still to be, fought there.

But even more important and more profound is the psychological storm through which the soul of Poland is passing. There are now over 600,000 Polish soldiers in three opposing armies—120,000 in the Austrian, 80,000 in the Prussian, and 400,000 in the Russian army—all forced to fight one against the other, and even quite literally brother against brother. Among my own friends are two Polish brothers, one of whom is a Prussian subject, and the other a Russian, and both are at the front. Quite recently the newspapers published a story which reads like an act of a Greek tragedy. During a lull in the fighting in Galicia, doctors on both sides went forward and shook hands and exchanged cards on the battlefield. All of them were Poles. . . .

From the sentimental point of view, the position is even more distressing. On the one hand are the majority of the Poles, Russian subjects, who believe in the promises of the Russian Commander-in-Chief, and have thrown in their lot with Russia. On the other hand are the very large minority of Poles who owe allegiance to the Crown of Prussia, but who have no faith in the Prussian promises, and are forced by direst necessity to remain quiet, if not quiescent. Last, but not least, are the Poles in Galicia, who have been well treated during the last fifty years, and

who are bound by inconsiderable ties of affection to the Emperor Franz Josef.

A hundred and fifty years of bloody oppression and bitter persecution have not passed over the heads of the Poles without leaving their mark on Polish character, and it is not unnatural that the complex nature of the calamity now being enacted in Central Europe has found them rent by not unreasonable suspicion of the various political influences at work. It is very difficult at this moment for a Pole to find, still less to fulfil, the correct attitude towards the war and the conflicting forces. The facts of the situation, however, are plain and positive. Every Pole hates Prussia, not only the Government, but the people, who have always, with very few exceptions, joined the Government in its campaign of extermination against the Pole.

The next plain fact is the sympathy which the Poles have ever felt for each of the two great Western Powers —admiration for Great Britain, love for France. At the present moment they place absolute trust in their honesty and their aim. They honour their leaders, and have faith in the justice of their cause. Many times during the last few weeks I have heard this sentiment on Polish lips: "We believe in England because she was the country which liberated the slaves and gave independence to Greece. England will remember, with the French, the gallant French with whom we fought side by side in times gone by, that they signed the Treaty of Vienna, guaranteeing political freedom to Poland."

Several weeks after the war began I had the honour to meet a great French statesman, who expressed himself to me in the following memorable words: "This war, much more than even the Napoleonic wars, is a war of nationalities. We are not fighting, like the Germans, for autocracy; we are fighting for the most sacred rights of humanity, for freedom, and, above all, for the freedom of small or oppressed nations." There is no nation in the world whose oppression, in proportion to its size, has been so severe as that of Poland, whose population is over three times greater than that of Belgium, greater than the population of all the Balkan States together, greater than that of Spain, and only a little less than that of Italy—in order of size, the sixth in Europe. The day has at last

dawned when the policy of Europe (or at least of the ultimately victorious half of Europe) will admit a view other than merely humanitarian of the Polish question.

As the war has proved, the Poles, whom a policy of extermination for a hundred and fifty years has left unshaken, can no longer be ignored. The friendship of a united Polish nation is of the highest political and strategical importance for any European Power. The term "Buffer State" applies exactly to Poland, containing as it does a homogeneous mass of twenty-three million people, united in language and religion, cultured and enterprising, and inhabiting a territory of very great agricultural and mineral wealth. Neither Russia nor Germany has in this region topographical boundaries like the Vosges, the Alps, or the sea. Generally speaking, Poland composes the greater part of that great plain extending between Berlin and Moscow.

A restored Poland, like a living bulwark between the East and the West, would become the greatest guarantee of permanent peace in Europe. The history of this nation, which records not a single war of conquest undertaken on its own behalf, should provide sufficient argument against its ever entertaining ambitions of territorial aggrandisement. Like a larger Belgium, which bore the first shock of the present conflict—as, indeed, she has borne the brunt of almost all the battles during the last thousand years, and might, had her neutrality been respected, have largely prevented the present calamity—Poland, with her much greater population, could much more effectively oppose any such violation of neutrality as Belgium has suffered.

The position of the Poles to-day prevents their making any important move to defend their cause. By the iron necessity of war they are constrained—such of them as are not engaged in the three opposing armies—to remain passive spectators of the terrible conflict which has made of their country an enormous battlefield. But this difficult situation, like a balancing trick, is liable to be changed at any moment, The Poles' natural disinclination to take sides in what has, by a horrible blow of fate, become for them an internecine war, forbids them to do more than place their trust in the policy of the Allies. They have complete faith in the Governments of France and Great

Britain, a faith which the expression of sympathy for their cause contained in a letter recently addressed by the British Foreign Office to myself, as also in numerous letters which I receive daily from unknown friends and sympathisers, has profoundly established.

The Polish dream of independence, far as it seemed from realisation a few months ago, is not at all impracticable. This terrible war will have been largely waged in vain if its end does not witness the living limbs of Poland once more united and all the territory which may be properly termed Polish joined under one administration. The new Poland (or rather the old Poland revived) must be granted a liberal constitution, national autonomy, and the right to develop her culture and industry unhampered by the present restrictions. As the history of the last fifty years has shown, even under a semi-autonomous Government the Poles proved capable of ruling themselves. The terrible lessons of the past have not been forgotten.

The Poles, though fervent Catholics, are not fanatics; the small religious and other communities scattered in the western and southern parts of Poland will enjoy equal freedom with themselves. Whatever faults history has accredited to this people, they have never been oppressors. Perhaps that is why they have been so relentlessly oppressed.

In conclusion, I cannot refrain from quoting the following exquisite passage by Mr. Arthur Symons, written in 1908, on the occasion of a further devilish development of Prussia's policy of persecution: "The Polish race, to those who are acquainted with it, is the most subtle and most delicate, and one of the noblest and most heroic races of Europe. Its existence should be as precious to Europe as that of a priceless jewel. The hand of Prussia is stretched out to steal it, the hand of a thief snatching at a jewel. If it is stolen, there will be an end of its vivid, exquisite life. Its light will be put out under bolts and bars in darkness. What has Prussia to do with a race which it cannot understand: a race which desires only peace with freedom?"

"Peace with Freedom"—no finer motto could be inscribed on the banner of the restored Poland.

It's a Long, Long Way

By Edward Thomas

"All the other nations are coming in, Canada, India, and . . . . They wouldn't let England be beat. Oh, no, sir. England will win, right enough, you'll see. Oh, yes, sir." An old Gloucestershire labourer was speaking, who had fought under Roberts. He had been at Kandahar, over his boots in blood. East and West, he had had glimpses of many nations; his geography was but the battered remnant of a few infant lessons in Crimean days. When he tried to enumerate "all the other nations" he had to stop at "Canada, India." Russia was in his mind, but as an enemy: he spoke of the Russians when he meant the Germans.

I should like to be able to draw a map of the world as it appears to him. It would be easy enough to make one very picturesque, more than mediæval, with strange gaps, and removals and bringings near; but it would be all wrong, because he does not see the world as reduced to a flat, coloured surface; all he knows is earth, sea, burning sun, India, China, Gloucester, the Malvern Hills, the Severn. Those who can do something with maps go as far astray. One woman who had been expecting friends from Canada was inclined to think they could not reach England, because the North Sea was closed by mines.

I should like to know what the old soldier meant by "England," if it was anything more than some sort of a giant with Gloucestershire for its eyes, its beating heart, for everything that raised it above a personification. His was a very little England. The core and vital principle was less still, a few thousand acres of corn, meadow, orchard, and copse, a few farms and cottages; and he laughed heartily over a farmer's artfulness who had hid away some horses wanted by the War Office. If England was against Germany, the parish was against Germany, England, and all the world. Some of his neighbours, not so fearless, went even greater lengths in their parochialism. They had made up their minds about invasion. They not

only imagined themselves suffering like Belgian peasants, but being specially attacked in the Forest of Dean by German aeroplanes. Napoleon, a hundred years ago, was expected to sail up the Severn and destroy the Forest: now it was feared that the Germans were coming.

The scale of the war baffles country people as it does war correspondents. They take hold of some simple fact and make what they can of it. A woman coming from the town stops you to tell the news—she adds that it is official—that twenty thousand Germans have been killed and another cruiser sunk. The two things have already combined; she does not know whether those twenty thousand were killed on land or sea. Then the arrangement of "all the other nations" took them aback at the start, and probably still does. It seems a new-fangled notion to have our troops in France fighting for, not against, the French. Perhaps this is considered an heretical innovation by a Liberal Government. The farmer's wife says "France" with a haughty coolness towards the lady of that name: she had not anticipated such a travelling companion. So when she is really disturbed and is entertaining the idea that it is the Kaiser's "hambition to eat his Christmas dinner in London," she says: "If the Germans try to beat us, the United States will join us." Very slowly they are readjusting the old multiplication table, which said:—

One Englishman = three Frenchman.

Before the war the word "Frenchman" had stood for something as distinct and venerable as the Bank of England or the Derby. The word "German," in spite of "The King of Prussia" and "General Blucher" here and there on a signboard, meant little or nothing. It was almost in vain that the newspapers had been erecting a German Colossus to terrify us. Neither the country people nor their newspapers had read Mr. Charles M. Doughty's "Cliffs." They had not listened to the spying Prussian aeroplanists on the East Coast saying of Turkey:—

> We've barely gotten her goodwill, till now.
> Yet having that, it is a Key of State.
> Be, as be may, it costs no more to us
> Than promises; and that's only paper-breath.
> To us all's one, Muslem or Galilean;
> So there's but profit or *Welt-politik* in it . . . ;

or, worse still, attacking our national songs :—

> Ignoble taunting songs, which they call *komisch*;
> Jigging malicious street banality;
> Wherat all fleer like hounds and show their teeth;
> But hounds should howl, to hear them in our parts.

Nobody knew how old shepherd Hobbe, Crimean veteran, had set upon the spies with his crook, crying :—

> "Knives and mailed-fist been cowards' terms with us,
> For murder-tools of them low foreign seafolk,
> On England's quays. Belike ye're some of them,
> Would kick an honest man below the belt:
> That bayonet wounded soldiers on the ground. . . ."

On the East Coast, of course, by this time, they know what a German is. They have begun to scent a new reality in the old proverbial prophecy :—

> When England's took,
> 'Twill be at Weybourne Nook.

One fisherman who quoted it was being advised, if the Germans landed, to leave fighting to the soldiers, and not endanger the women and children by private efforts.

"Ef I see a Jarman coming up that gangway," said he, pointing to the cliff, "do ee know what I'd do? I'd shoot 'm."

"But ——"

"I'd *shoot* 'm."

Away from the coast the German is not of necessity a devil and a bogey pure and simple. One morning, as I was leaving a lodging at Brecon, and had my hand on the latch, the woman of the house drew me back to know what my opinion of the war was, what was really happening in France, with all these men going out. She also feared invasion. "I am an active woman," said she, "busy all day with my head and hands. What should I do if they cut off my hands?" I told her I did not believe it was part of the German plan to cut off the hands of women, that it was all exaggerated to blacken the enemy. "That's what I tell my husband," she said; "if it was true it would be such a stupid thing to do, to cut off working people's hands. Now, last summer, I had some Germans in this house, and they were nice, polite people, you couldn't wish for better. And look what our own people will do, in times

of peace, too." She was trying hard to retain the idea that there were Germans and Germans.

This woman would not have taken kindly to spying on possible spies. Nor, I think, would many other country people. But once it got about, in a certain part of Gloucestershire, that a Dutchman had been staying in one house, that an American family lived in another, that a party (including a Russian boy) had arrived by motor car at a third in the middle of the night, all sorts of people joined in the hunt—the policeman, the retired clergyman, acting on the principle that "you never know what these naturalised Americans are," and the illiterate anonymous senders of reports that we sat up late at night. People in a country road, nowadays, look hard and sometimes wisely at the stranger passing them. The cottager, however, does not easily regard himself as the policeman's assistant. It is the villa resident that tracks out your alien schoolmaster like a sleuth-hound, and bestirs himself with the police long before the law does. The cottage woman in the Hampshire hop-garden was far less savage than the townswoman. She never saw a newspaper. News came along somehow like fine days, and she knew that far off battles were being fought, and men dying night and day, in foreign places. When she was told precisely that the Germans had lost several thousands the day before, she said: "Well, what I say is, God bless every mother's son of them." Another, more sophisticated, hearing of Germans slaughtered by the bayonet, went so far as to suppose that they also have "human feelings as we have."

It may be my misfortune, but I have not heard any abuse of the Kaiser or the Germans, worth mentioning, from country people. Stories of mutilations have reached them. They have met somebody in Petersfield market who saw a soldier in hospital at Guildford, mutilated in the style of William Rufus. Only, they make a short story of it. I was travelling with a drunken hussar to Woking. He had fought at Omdurman, but was in a condition to forget the date. Lying back in a corner seat, he talked to nobody in particular, with a grin for everybody, that is to say, for those sitting in the other three corners. Most of the time he had it his own way, complaining of slow trains, arguing against compulsory abstinence, threatening Lloyd George,

trying to figure out the date of Omdurman. Later on, two women entered, and sat facing one another in the two middle seats, one a small, middle-aged woman, bright and demure, with a kind of pretty plainness, the other a buxom wife of thirty. The soldier grinned at them with the sarcasm: "Don't you sit near me."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of you," said the young one, smiling.

"I'm not afraid of you, either," said the middle-aged one, who was on his side of the carriage. She looked at her knees with a twinkle, but as demure as ever, while she added: "But I know someone who is."

"Who's that?" the soldier asked, almost eagerly.

"The Kayser," she said, still looking at her knees, but as bright as she was demure.

"Ah," he said, "the Kayser won't let me get near him."

"I wish he would," she concluded.

Outside the towns, they see little of the papers; they are not quick at using insubstantial words; they catch few newspaper phrases of the grand style to stand between them and facts. More natural to them, if anything, would be words like Mr. Doughty's, in "The Clouds":—

> That Love of Country, which constraineth us,
> Doth every virtue comprehend. Teach us
> The very fowls, which under heaven flit,
> And field and forest beasts, after their kinds.
> Those tender each, that little round of Earth,
> Where they were fostered. And should Englishmen not
> Their island Britain love, above the World?

Mr. Hardy makes the soldiers sing: "We see well what we are doing." But those who are left behind in the hamlets do not know what to make of big things, or to put them into words. One boy I talked with, whose brother had joined the Royal Horse Artillery the day after war broke out, said chiefly that his brother was now quite fond of a wild horse, and that he looked much better in uniform than in civilian clothes. He added that they had paid four pounds a sack, all but three shillings, for wheat to sow, which was a great price. If they can make anything of the sinking of an English ship, at least their conversation profits little by it. On the Sunday morning when the loss of the *Hermes* was published, I was at an inn where I had formerly met sailors. Opposite Colonel ——'s house,

down the street, hung a list of sailors and soldiers from the village, and a frame on which the Colonel posted up telegrams. But the landlord laid down the paper on the counter, saying: "A cruiser sunk in the Straits of Dover," and not a man commented. After a pause, the conversation turned to a job that an old man present had just got, of driving a milk cart at fifteen shillings a week. Not that the war was wholly neglected. One of them mentioned a certain recruit. "He looks a regular Tom Thumb," said the spokesman, "you'd think he'd seen ten years' service. But it's all uniform. It will give the Germans encouragement to see him coming along. Now, at Longmoor Camp, some of the German prisoners are fine-set-up chaps, with something in front and behind, not like this little Tommy Thumb." After this they wandered, as they often do, to speaking of old days, when they were working on the church out at ——, when old —— kept the "New Inn," and there was a baker's shop where the smithy now is, and ——, who is superintendent of police down at the opposite corner of the county, was policeman—he was one for a bit of fun; he would do *anything* that was right.

If the soldiers see, they do not say, what they are doing. One day I had two lads for travelling companions, one a bright, pale, thin boy, with round shoulders, whom I should never have taken for a soldier. But as the train ran between some oak woodland, he waved towards a copse, and said to the other lad: "That's where I was keeper before I enlisted." No more; and the other said nothing. Only an old soldier in the carriage asked: "Terriers?" "No," he answered, "Regular Army. Twelve years. Seven with the colours. Go to Reading on Thursday." Their farewells are brief. On the night when the hooter at Swindon announced the war at a quarter to eight by hooting ten times, I heard a soldier struggling through his farewells. They were continually being renewed for the sake of a young sister who would burst out crying at the last moment. Just as he said: "Well, good-bye, Aunt. Good-bye all," she screamed, and he had to say: "I'm not going away for ever, don't you fret. Now, don't carry on like that. I shall come back again."

In two hours spent at an inn one Sunday with a company of labourers and a young fellow from the village, now a "Flying Corpse" man, I heard only one reference to the

war. "Regular Winchester Fair weather," said one, coming in out of the rain, and soon they were guessing the weight and price of some steers across the road, and the one who was glibbest recalled his master being offered thirty-two p'n ten for a beast and refusing it, and then getting twenty-nine and a crown at Winchester market. Most of the time they were recalling old days, how they did a job at ——, and slept at the "Rack and Manger," taking up a gallon of beer to the bedroom, and the landlord's wife kept them company, and in the morning the landlord drove to a farm for eggs, and they had eggs and bacon. They talked of bacon lofts, open fire-places, fire-dogs, logs that burned for two days after Christmas, mushrooms that grow with the moon—always at night, as you can see by noting one at nightfall like a button that will be as big round as a tumbler in the morning—and "waste as the moon wast-es," and mead—"I'll get you a bottle. I know where there is some, and I think it's three year old." One man mentioned Sparsholt. "Which Sparsholt?" asked a stranger, who knew the neighbourhood as well as any. "'Tother side of Winchester." "I know. That's the place to hide from Germans." They laughed. It was the one reference. Yet the paper was lying on the table. Later on, a youth entered, and bent over the song printed on the outer page, but said not a word. The "Flying Corpse" man was content to treat his old friends. At half-past two, the one nearest him said: "Let's come and see about that pig." "Are you going to kill a pig?" asked the youth. "Going to eat a bit of one." The "Flying Corpse" man put a bottle of stout in each pocket, and all left. The afternoon turned fine, and as I approached the town, the girls in their best dresses were walking among the dead leaves, but not a young man with them.

This lack of eloquence does not mean a stupid waiting for a drop in the price of bacon. One day I fell into a company talking very radically, and chiefly because they had some thousands of recruits encamping near them and did not like their ways. Some of these recruits had enlisted for "hunger," some for fun, not all to serve their country. So said the landlord, an old soldier. "I wouldn't enlist for anything," said a man with his cheese waiting on his knife tip, "not unless I was made. I would if it was a fair war. But it's not, it's murder. Waterloo was a fair war,

but this isn't." "That's right," said the postman, "a man's only got seventy years to live, and ninety per cent. don't get beyond fifty. I reckon we want a little peace. Twentieth century, too." It was not the postman, but another, that was complaining how a number of postmen had gone out, and their places had been taken by a few boys in civilian dress who did twice as much work for half the pay, and on their own cycles: "It's the same everywhere. The man who does most work gets least pay. Nobody's worse paid than the men doing all the work out in France now." This man, unlike the landlord, was down on the gentry, did not think they were doing their share. He told a story of a lady stopping a youth in a cart to ask him why he was not fighting. Why, he asked, hadn't she sent out her two sons from college? She couldn't spare them, she answered. At his conclusion, "My mother can't spare me," the company laughed violently.

In one place I thought I had stumbled on treason. A truculent recruit in the private bar and a drunken old artilleryman were arguing over a dozen heads and tankards.

"We're not fighting for Lord Kitchener," the artilleryman said slowly. "We're not fighting for King George. We're fighting for our country."

"Quite right," said somebody.

"Who is Lord Kitchener?" asked the artilleryman, swelling.

"He's a good man," retorted the recruit.

"So he is," the other had to say, "but why does he stop a man from having a pint of beer?"

"It's the twenty-fifth pint he's against."

This was a purely intellectual duel, a very uncommon one. The countryman fights with no such grand motive on his tongue as a journalist could write down. Even the little boys know that, and are not so mighty serious as to be ashamed of laughing when the gawky Territorial shambles down the street in his scarlet tunic for the first time. But the trumpet, a little later, stings them to another mood. The recruits are drilling on the shore in mist, opening and closing, in ghostly silence. For their feet make no sound on the sand, and the calm sea, sucking at the rocks, drowns the shout of the sergeant and all other noise but a dog barking at the waves. The boys watch in silence.

War and Civilisation

By Austin Harrison

If the definition of war is violence and its object (to use the words of Admiral Fisher) is to strike first, to strike hard, and to strike anyhow, then the purpose of civilisation is peace, which may be described loosely as the intention to live and to let live. In Germany, as we now know, war was the central purpose and philosophy; as we can all see, it is being waged by the Germans in one single and applied national effort regardless of the means, the costs, or the consequences: it is thus the physical expression of a nation and a race.

This blast of battles, this concentrated onslaught of millions of men believing in the righteousness of force, has fallen upon Europe like some elemental disturbance and upset all our calculations. We were not ready for so furious a hurricane. We did not want to be ready for it. We affected even to believe that the fewer the preparations we made to meet it, the less likely it was to come; and so as men who build their villages on the slopes of a volcano we stand aghast before the eruption, stricken in all our wisdom. In this country, in particular, our civilisation is perturbed. Proudly, but firmly, we refused to entertain the notion of a Citizen Army. We cut down our ships to the minimum of conditional safety. We objected any longer to be regarded as a fighting people, a nation of soldiers. We were men of peace, of progress and reform. We declined to believe in wars—better do a shopwalk than the "sentry go" of the continent. All that sort of martial business was over. England set her face very resolutely for the ideals and conditions of peace.

In the days when wars were periodic, short, decisive, and heroic, the peoples expected them, believed in them, and relished them. The braves and gallants had their day, then the Armies returned—a few men less, a few men maimed, it scarcely seemed to matter; moreover, the result

was real and the honour abiding. Even in the Napoleonic wars it was so. There was no idea of arming the people. Men went about their business very much as usual. The private correspondence of the time shows a curious stoicism or indifference. "Boney" was the terror of his age, no doubt, but our soldiers were dancing on the eve of Waterloo and nobody seems to have been very much concerned at any time.

"Boney," so to speak, was all in the day's work. There had always been some such warlike figure. Indeed, we appear to have been far more excited about the doings of Nelson with Lady Hamilton than we were about Nelson's victories. War was, in fact, a profession for the brave and the adventurous. The rest of us looked upon it rather in the light of an incidental spectacle.

The Kaiser's war is different. War with him and the Germans is a racial movement. It is not a question of an Army of professional soldiers attacking other professional soldiers, it is an invasion of the entire male population armed and trained methodically and scientifically for the specific purpose of conquest and aggrandisement. Every male is in a uniform and shoulders a rifle, from sixteen to fifty years of age. Every reserve, every resource of the country is seized and directed for the sole purposes of war. The entire male energy of a race is marshalled and applied to the one object in view—the destruction of the enemy, and will be so applied until success or failure arrests it.

We, with our other views of civilisation, who are not so marshalled and directed, have been taken aback. We had grown out of the perpetual war idea of history. We never expected our lands to be laid waste, our cities to be razed to the ground, our houses to be looted, our populations to be rendered homeless and outcast; a whole people to be driven out of their country; we had hoped such things were obsolete. In a word, our civilisation has been taken at a disadvantage. Europe, which had not seen war for a long generation, was not prepared for it—did not know the rules, was not sure that there were any rules. The awakening has been as swift as it has been terrible.

In Belgium, civilians "sniped" the Germans and promptly saw their cities burnt down. Peasants found themselves marching at the head of German columns,

prodded forward by bayonets. When the Germans approached Paris, a million or so of people fled from the capital to Bordeaux and other safe places, *tournedos à la Bordelaise*, as those who stayed behind wittily called them. Men see their belongings taken away and don't know what to do—they are not in uniform; their civilisation teaches them that as non-combatants they have no right of protest, and if they do retaliate they are stood up against a wall and shot for miscreants. All this is hard, inexplicable. Peoples don't understand it. How should they? It does not seem right, or fair, or human. Why, if their country is invaded, should they not defend it like a man, and to a man? What *are* the rules? Are there any rules? And then comes the inevitable question: "Well, what are we to do?"

The other day, at the Zoo, a man I got into conversation with asked me that, and pointed here and there. "B—— bathos!" he kept on saying, and as I surveyed the scene it did seem queer, almost ludicrous. Watching the Polar bear lazily dive into his pond there stood around and about intermixed with nurses and children, men and women rich and poor, French and English; a party of wounded soldiers, their arms in slings, one of them leaning on crutches, and quite close to them stood a couple of Territorials, very young, rather conscious, very reserved. And there stood three jolly-looking Belgian soldiers smoking cigarettes, and a little further off was a French soldier shaking hands with a lady in furs. Just beyond was a Highlander in a kilt that I fancy must have been picked up somewhere in Flanders (it was not Scottish, anyway), and he had a bandage round his neck, and in either hand held two laughing children. And further back, peering over a boy scout, stood a tall fellow in a blue uniform, and I wondered if he had come from Antwerp.

"You see," said my questioner, "French, Belgian, and English soldiers watching that bear, while every damned man in Germany is invading their countries. I don't understand, do you? I cannot get the perspective of the thing. Why, if every German is fighting to destroy us, our homes, our riches and liberties, are we not all fighting against them—shooting, murdering, and burning too? Can you tell me? What does this nice discrimination mean? Why

am I not armed instead of looking at this podgy old tame bear? Why this polite restraint? Look, fourteen, no, seventeen soldiers idle! Seventeen men might shoot seventeen Germans. Why aren't they shooting? All the Germans are shooting somewhere. Why are we fighting in kid gloves, when we ought all to be fighting, ay, and the women too, to the death? Can you explain? To me, it is all a mystery."

My reasonableness seemed to madden him. "Oh, I know," he broke in, "business as usual. The shops have to go on. The theatres must run or there would be a crisis. Everything must go on. We all have to pretend —to wear our nice clothes, write our books, make our noises, spin our theories, to shut up because we are not regulars, while over there all Belgium, all Poland, and half France are being devastated, and men are dying like flies in trenches. They turn London into darkness, and we are not allowed to welcome even the Colonials. The Canadians come and they are all secreted away in the night. Why? We are told to enlist, and there is not a drum to be heard. The only martial sight in London is the daily march of a few ragamuffins with tin kettles down the Strand. Business as usual—we elders cry; our daily bread, our daily pursuits. Confound it, but if this is war, then the Germans, who are fighting to a man, deserve to win. Deserve to win, I say. I pick up the picture papers and see photographs of titled ladies—at the front—taken 'under fire,' and what not, as if this was another Boer War, another chocolate campaign. I see thousands of men strolling about as if there was nothing on. I go down to the New Army camps and see half the men without weapons. I run across young Belgians, like golfers. Damn it, man, we should all be soldiers to-day, with the Germans."

On my interrupting him by pointing out that these men were not trained soldiers and were little use until they were trained, he grew still more impetuous.

"My God, and look at the muddle! In Germany, the whole population is one fighting machine, but here we all seem to be at loose ends. Unless one is a soldier, no man knows what to do, how to help or what even to think, for he is not allowed to know anything, or see anything, and is generally treated as a neurasthenic schoolboy. A b——

bathos, I call it. Just think. There are corps formed who are not recognised, all kinds of units and battalions drilling in sweaters for uniforms—fine men, fathers of families, men who never fired a shot in their lives—misdirected nobility; even the women are talking of drilling. Comic, Sir. Painfully pathetic, I say. Nobly ignoble! Anything you like, but not business-like; not the way to fight the Germans. And why? I want to know if my son is going out. I can't. Nobody knows. But why isn't he out? Why aren't we all out plugging somehow, anyhow, at those cursed Germans?"

I tried to remonstrate, and, finally, finding him impervious to argument, myself having nothing better to say, I called him a "pro-German," and there left him while I went for a twopenny ride on a camel. All the same, his words lingered in my mind. It was true enough. Every male German had his place automatically West or East, and took it, whereas here were dozens of able-bodied men, French, English, and Belgian, gaping at a bear, and up and down that strong man yonder walked with his elephant, when apparently he would be so much more usefully employed "out there" against the Germans.

The truth is, of course, that, unless he was trained, he would not be more usefully employed, and the reason is that civilisation was not prepared for a war of this kind. Mr. H. G. Wells writes to the *Times* and asks for a Defence Army. For what purpose? To repel a raid? But can we be raided? Is it militarily realisable? If not, then a Defence Army is mere waste of energy. A raid, in any case, would be an extraordinarily difficult exploit against mines, submarines, torpedoes, and even old-fashioned shore guns, and that if half our Navy was sunk. Until it is sunk, a raid on any serious scale cannot be regarded as a military potentiality. I say unhesitatingly, it is the last thing in this war we need to bother about.

It was on this chaos and unpreparedness that the warlike Germans counted. They knew that Paris was unprepared for a siege—as, in fact, it was—they knew to a nicety the number of our reserve guns and war material, our creative capacity and, of course, the numbers of trained or partially trained men. As it takes a long time to make an Army, so it takes a long time to turn out its equipment.

This condition has been one of the chief reasons of the German confidence. A sudden and overwhelming invasion carried out with great swiftness, and the blow would fall before the less ready civilisation could recover. This was the ground-plan of their offensive. That it failed, the French and the Western Allies owe strategically to the precipitous advance of the Russians who, by creating a very powerful diversion, thus used the German method unexpectedly to the disadvantage of German strategy, though at great loss to themselves. The fortune of war! We may say confidently that the German failure to gauge the mobilisation rapidity of the Russian Armies has lost Germany the victory.

Ultimately, that is; for the war as yet is but beginning, and the decision will rest with the side which is most persistent. This, again, is what the Germans have always reckoned upon. To them, it is a question of civilisation. When the Armies had been shattered, the more effete civilisations would fight only half-heartedly; when the call came upon the civilian populations they would be of little value against trained masses—would inevitably break and surrender. Though they counted on an overwhelming primary success, the conditions of secondary warfare were carefully considered by them, and regarded as equally hopeful. Only that nation would fight to the last which had been brought up on the philosophy of war. Only those leaders, steeled by tradition and martial patriotism to prosecute war ruthlessly to its last extremities, would be victorious—and both of these conditions the Germans may claim to possess. That they will fight—veteran of the line, schoolboy, ploughman, grey-headed father in the *Landsturm*, conscript and levy—(as "Eye-witness" has said) with "superhuman bravery"; that their leaders will fight if needs be to the last trench round Berlin, we may assume; their courage and their philosophy of war will not fail them. Violence alone will beat them down into submission—violence as scientific as the German, which is the only argument Germans understand. If the Allied civilisation means to win it will have to fight this war on the German idea of all or nothing. Not until the foe lies prostrate at its feet is any agency but violence of the smallest service, any thought save war of the remotest consequence.

WAR AND CIVILISATION

It is hard on us civilised people (if we are more civilised than the Germans, that is); and it is hard because war is contrary to all our principles and conceptions. We find ourselves continually wondering what it means, whether it is even true, what justification can there possibly be for this mad slaughter and suffering. As an Island people, it is especially difficult for us. We all want to do things, to display our energies, to use our power, and we cannot—we are not soldiers; we would not be soldiers, therefore in war time we are no good. No good! Messrs. Johnson, Smith, Jackson, Barnes, Thompson, Harrison, Briggs, Brown, Jones, Wilkinson—we all considered ourselves important and estimable citizens of the Empire till the other day: we voted: we played our parts, some of us admirably, most of us decently enough: we sat on Boards and things, directed, supervised, contributed, created: we have families, factories, fortunes: we speak for Britain, for Demos: denizens of the British Empire, we are the mind and index of the higher civilisation—and yet we are no good when the liberties that we cherish are attacked and we are threatened with slavery and destruction. We were wont to consider ourselves useful members of the State, pillars of the social purpose, and to-day we find ourselves mere spectators in the scheme of things, told to keep quiet, to go about our businesses, not to interfere, while we lie awake o' nights wondering what strange contrivance is at work that we, such good patriots, should be so worthless to our own country. All this is profoundly irritating, dispiriting. And as we rage, we cannot help inquiring not only what we have been about, thus mistaking theory for reality, but even whether a peaceful civilisation is, as we have been taught to consider, superior to a fighting civilisation.

The result is inevitable confusion, frantic and spasmodic effort, shriek, jar, hysterical outcry, muddle, fog—in short, a want of dignity shown conspicuously in the false optimism of the Press constrained by an inefficient censorship to dole out sugar-plum war news when what the public really requires to wake them out of their insular apathy is fact and shrapnel. The present censorship is ludicrously undignified, yet it was the Press all these years that pointed out the German peril. Think what might have been our plight if the Press had not hammered away at the Govern-

ment about ships, &c., while Lord Haldane was treating us to sugar encomiums of the Kaiser. Who are the men who deceived England to gag those who at great personal sacrifice insisted on the truth? Most assuredly the Press to-day has every right to insist upon being heard. Right about war, it may be trusted about the nation's honour.

For years the fruits of this attitude have been noticeable. It may be described in a general way as an unadult view of life, a habit of mind which only sees the pleasant and the conventional. Called the Victorian attitude, in reality it is the spirit of "thinking safely," a prosperity, unwarlike and, therefore, timid and narrow, which aims first and foremost at a journeyman existence. In its effects upon the arts, this constrictive influence has been notoriously baneful. We fell into the "institution" frame of mind—"what was is," though the life of all art is creation. As trade requires a routine atmosphere, so we acquired the routine spirit; more and more we avoided the unpleasant, truth, the new, that spark which takes us out of our daily grooves and conventions. Our stage may be said to be under the spell of this Peter Pan attitude; very largely our fiction still is. It practically stifled the poet. The trade atmosphere crept in everywhere. The Royal Academy is a notable example of it. The censorship is another. *The Spectator* is the embodiment of that spirit—the spirit of genteel and smug self-satisfaction.

This attitude of a complacent Plutocracy got so tyrannical and evil that it burst "of itself." Bernard Shaw led the way. In THE ENGLISH REVIEW, we did what we could, and it was for that reason that we styled ourselves the "Adult Review." When the women entered into the fray, things "hummed," as we well remember. The truth is that in July of this year, this Island had never been more intellectually alive, so ardent with protest and revolt, so spiritually militant against all forms of authority and falsity. In this respect, I believe that Britain was never more robustiously healthy. At the same time, the petty vices of a prosperous peace establishment were only too palpable in our midst. An un-English hysteria, rancour, malice, back-biting, slander, jealousy—these things were rampant behind the placid fronts, as it were, of the newspapers still keeping up the pompous pretence of Victorian rectitude and contentment. There were many other signs

of peace deterioration. I am not sure the golf mania was not one. Certainly, the week-end spirit had become a feature. Unmistakably, the picture paper commercialism of the actress and the titled lady is a symptom. Our fulsome pandering to snobbery, feminism [proprietary and anti-proprietary], the cinema attitude, the "Girl and the Duke" theatricality—these things, we may be sure, were not conducive to hardihood of fibre or spirit, and they led to a comically false appreciation of values in the arts and in public life generally. It is a well-worn axiom that in peace the little men climb to the front; there can be no doubt that they have done so. The curious indifference shown by Englishmen to artists generally is one of the most unfortunate signs of our commercial "Institution" epoch, yet it is the artists who ultimately create, the thinkers, philosophers, and pathfinders—the politicians whom we throw so much into the limelight are but their middlemen who "sell the goods."

The political side of the question is too serious to be discussed here; this is not the time for it; many things may happen before that need arises. At present, there are no politics. Our whole duty is to support the Government. Afterwards—obviously there will be much to think about. But even so, there is a danger which must be pointed out. The men who refused to credit or understand the German intention are as little likely to understand the German spirit. Those who abused us in the past for trying to warn the country about the German peril will probably belittle and denigrate our opinions again both as regards Germany and our attitude towards her. Almost of a surety, the men* who told us we had nothing to fear from Germany will decry conscription in their theoretical hatred of what is called militarism; will be disposed to see the thing through humanitarianly instead of militarily—may, therefore, fall even yet into the mesh which later on the Germans will lay for them as regards terms and conditions. Mr. Wells struck this note in his letter to the *Times*, "warning" the military classes. I have heard it constantly expressed in public and in private. So used have we grown to talk about a "People's" something, that our theorists and

* They are doing so. Already the common talk is war to end war—the substitution of one theory for another, though the one thing needed is action.

political peacemen apply the tag even to this war, as if it was a piece of Manchester legislation. But Potsdam cares not a curse for the "People's" poster business, and delights in our Pickwickian consternation. To the Germans, this is a racial war—the war for military dominion. They mean to win. It may be accepted as a certainty that they will win unless the Allies prove themselves the stronger and more determined of the two.

I do not, myself, understand our theoretical craze for a no-war, which would mean a constipated, civilisation; why it is ignoble for the citizen to be trained and ready to serve his country, for, apart from the physical advantages of service, all great creative movements in history have flourished in or sprung from warlike conditions; very notably, Germany during her decades of armed peace has produced no great man or Statesman. Even the power of the Churches waned the moment they ceased to be State fighting institutions. The idea that as the result of this war, Europe is going to develop into an abode of Arcady where men no longer fight, or learn to fight, or want to fight, while lawyers and politicians rule over us with unctuous infallibility, and there is no longer need of a stout heart or a "dripping sword," this is one of the drollest political brews ever kibbled for the Democratic table. Even the ladies have shown men that, as any wardress in Holloway can testify. However terrible and catastrophic the results of this war, man will not emerge from the ordeal a peaceful animal, and nor will the women. The spirit of fighting is directly associated with the sex instinct. Atrophy of the one inevitably brings about the atrophy of the other. Unless or until sex becomes a cribbed and secondary instinct, relegated to the purely economic function of racial propagation, no longer, that is, a passion—the strongest passion in the nature of humanity—man will fight; for, as without sex there would be no Love, so without love there would be no Life. To talk of the abolition of war is to conceive of life without strife, which is its inherent reason and beauty. We have in China an example of the peaceful State. As we know, for centuries the Chinese have produced nothing. In the palsy of opium dreams, their civilisation has remained stagnant; their intellect crippled by theory and abstract calculation; their reason warped by unchanged and unchangeable "institutionalism"; their pur-

pose and initiative atrophied by cold-blooded sensuality and futility. A people without fruition can have no heart. Such a people are the Chinese. All their values are false, even their mathematics. Their literature has etiolated into flowers, their erudition is merely silly. They have no song: only in the young and militant China is there hope and joy —in the men who have reverted to war and cut off their pigtails.

Value for value, the fellow in the *Pickelhaube* is far the better man, though it is now our fell business to slay him. But Europe is not fighting to replace him by the Mandarin with the philosophy of his poppy.* To talk about such a thing now is, as my companion at the Zoo put it—"a b—— bathos."

Theorise as we please, the German war spirit has placed our civilisation on its trial: we have to take up the challenge or go under. If this is to be called a "People's" war, it is not for that reason a mob war. The issue will be decided by the number of trained fighting men available. Yet the very people who denounce the idea of conscription are those who insist the firmest on this democratic side of the struggle, which, if it is a war of Democracy, should necessarily and automatically be fought by a People's armed service. As it is, we are counting militarily—for all decisive purposes—on Russia. We talk very finely of the Democratic principle, about the Huns invading "civilisation," yet the ex-soldier, Bombardier Wells, goes quietly into training for a boxing match, as if this was an old-fashioned war of some remote dynastic interest with which he personally was not in sympathy. In the same commercial spirit, our footballers kick footballs about, and the public attends race meetings, and thousands of us meander about in a kind of afternoon aphasia of perplexed detachment. It is not to be wondered at. Indeed, it is the logical outcome of a lawyer-governed people. But it is one thing to get foreigners to wait upon us, it is another question whether we are wise in expecting foreigners to fight for us. Yet

* Mr. Bernard Shaw, in his unnecessarily prolix disquisition on War for Peace in the *New Statesman* Supplement, does not show us how war is to be abolished. He himself has been a fighter all his life—beating at the conventions, falsity, humbug, woodenness, and intellectual astigmatism of civilisation. There can be no idea of peace without absolute all-round disarmament. What would he answer when Britain is asked to dismantle the Navy? Until we are prepared to do that, all talk of perpetual peace, even theoretically, is blarney.

that is our present attitude. Every other man one meets says, "Oh, the Russians have millions." They may have, but supposing at some later date the Russians cry off or a half-peace is made. What then? Let no man imagine that the war will therefore end between England and Germany. On the contrary. We are the enemy, as Germany is ours. How any man can pay to see a football match in this stupendous crisis is enough to make one question whether the German civilisation, which at any rate is manly, is not destined—ought not, in fine—to impose itself upon ours, as the result of this war or—the next.

An upheaval like this is sure to have its repercussion, its sympathetic cataclysm. Nearly all wars do. But still Britannia demurs, as mute as our ignoble censorship. So those who before the war decried the German menace, now protest that conscription is unnecessary, that we are doing what we can—which latter is true enough. The question is: Are we doing what we might do? Are we taking our full part in a fight which concerns our power and national welfare? Actually, it comes down to this. Are we putting into the struggle the concentrated force of nobility and self-sacrifice that the enemy is? If not, is our British civilisation worthy of the *accidental* success it may—with the help of others—achieve?

I say it is not. Such a people can have no continuity. If, as we think, our British view of life is higher than the German, then it is worth fighting for *en masse*, any other attitude is illogical and undemocratic. It is not that things are not going on fairly well. They are. But the immediate is of little consequence in a war of this unlimited kind, of as little consequence as, militarily, what we call battles are. There is no nobility in an attitude which says:—"200,000 soldiers are quite enough for us to keep in the firing line, seeing that the French have 2,000,000 men and the Russians any number of millions"; and there is not even sense in the contention. Such an attitude is mean, ignoble, undemocratic. It is the spirit of a tired and spunkless nation.

For Great Britain to fight this war on the Lansquenet principle—and that is what we are doing—as a sympathetic Power, just helping, so to speak, is a terrible indictment of our much-vaunted People's civilisation, too careless or spiritless to fight for itself. In about a year, a year and a half, two years from now, there still may have taken

place no decision, the Armies, on both sides, having fought themselves into stagnation, all the trained officers, most of the trained men, being disabled, and the economic pressure goading the pacifists and civilians at home to desperation. We may find the line of the Rhine impregnable; the Russians may find it impossible to penetrate to Berlin. Then there may be peace—a peace which leaves Germany intact and lets her down easily. Another million or two British soldiers, and a decision would have been reached with some hope of comparative peace. But we hadn't the men; we would not tolerate conscription. The war therefore ends by common exhaustion. And afterwards? Shall we then be able to reduce the income tax to sixpence?

Peace in such conditions would *lead within ten years to a second German outbreak*, but this time she would manage the political side more adroitly—she would contrive to have fewer foes.

The need in Britain is of men and machine guns. Pacificism and football are greater assets to the foe than their spies. Absolutely we have to adjust the disintegrating individualism of our pacific (or superior) civilisation to the war level and efficiency of the Germans against whom only superior violence will prevail. We have the stuff. If we have grown out of the fighting spirit, we have now got to recover it or, in the end (though possibly not in this war) we shall go under logically and fitly, as in the natural scheme of things. Conscription would put an end to many of the perplexities, absurdities, trials, and waste of noble energy which to-day harass our unordered, perplexed, and unprepared civilisation, to our own discomfiture and to the advantage of the Germans.* Conscription would ensure us, at any rate, this war, if it failed to secure us the next.

* In a series of articles in the Supplement of the *Tägliche Rundschau* (October 27th, 28th, 29th), the traitor, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, draws an elaborate comparison between the spirit of Germany and England, of which latter country (he writes) "one can only speak with shame and horror." After depicting England as decadent, spiritless, and supine, he ends: "The State England is rotten to the bones; the Germans have only to persevere. I, an Englishman, must have the courage to affirm that only a strong, conquering, and learned Germany can save us all."

It will be the duty of some Englishman during or after the war to put away this foul creature.

German Kultur and English Music

By Francis Toye

For two advantages the Germans can never forgive England: that she is an island and that she produced Shakespeare. The first they have endeavoured to negative by building a more or less unnecessary fleet, the second by a simple process of annexation.

As you would expect, this truculence is especially evident in the domain of music. The Germans regard themselves musically as the Chosen Race, with all revelations strictly reserved. Now nobody, of course, is going to deny that Germany, or, to be accurate, a small portion of Germany, has produced the greatest composers, but what is positively maddening is to see the whole German nation, including the intensely unmusical Prussians, arrogating to themselves a kind of musical Papacy with the right to pronounce *ex cathedra* on the music of all other nations. This claim is all the more offensive because it is based entirely on past achievements. In comparison with Russia, France, and England, contemporary Germany is musically sterile. With the exception of Strauss, who seems rapidly to be sinking into a musical decline, and Humperdinck, who really belongs to the last musical generation, not this, she has no composers whose works one would even wish to hear. The blustering Pfitzner, the dry-as-dust Reger! Who set them up to be rulers and lords over us?

As a matter of fact, it is amusing to see the ignorance and bad taste into which German musical opinion is sometimes led by its own conceit. When foreign music is popular in Germany at all, the German choice often seems to light on the worst. This is especially noticeable in the case of French music. Bizet and, to some extent, Berlioz apart, French composers of real merit are hardly known in Germany. The German public has made up its mind that French music is light and essentially operatic, so light and operatic it has to remain, with Gounod and Ambroise Thomas as exponents-in-chief. Constitutionally unable

or unwilling to understand the modern French school based on César Franck, Germany prefers to ignore it altogether. When one particular work, like "Pelléas et Mélisande," becomes so famous that *Kultur* demands that one should be able to talk about it, it is badly performed and duly condemned by superior German taste. The only specimen of modern French music that has won a place in the German repertory is Dukas' "Apprenti Sorcier." Otherwise Debussy, Dukas, D'Indy, and all the rest, are ignored as much as possible. Indeed, except to a few cosmopolitan enthusiasts at Munich, they are practically unknown, and the last word in modern music is considered to have been said by Strauss! The fact of the matter is that Germans do not want to know the musical progress made by modern French composers, because it infringes their own musical copyright. So the connoisseurs are coldly contemptuous, while the public goes on believing operas like "Mignon" to be the only typical French music —and thoroughly enjoys them.

For the same reason it is not surprising to hear that in Germany alone the Russian ballets and operas had little success. The argument used was, of course, more or less this: Nothing good can come out of Russia, a barbarous country entirely lacking *Kultur*, therefore the ballets and operas cannot be especially good. This method of postulating what you want to prove and then proving it *ex hypothesi* seems the finest and most popular flower of Teutonic *Kultur*. It blossoms everywhere, from the false anthropology, that prates about the "German race," to the great misunderstanding that proclaims the "centrifugal tendencies" of the British Empire.

Incidentally, it might be as well to point out here that nobody in his senses could deny the great achievements of modern German civilisation, for to do so would simply put him out of court as an impartial observer. I should like to say then, once and for all, that my admiration for German science, German organisation, is very real; the modern German theatre, too, seems to me superlatively excellent, and some aspects even of the *Kultur* spirit are by no means disagreeable. But the canker at the heart of the whole organism is this intellectual and spiritual arrogance, this inability to realise that any other nation can do anything

equally excellent by methods different from the German. And to anybody like the writer, who is deeply interested in the musical awakening of contemporary England, this mixture of truculence and ignorance must appear doubly damnable, because it really has done a great deal of harm to English music and musicians.

Musically, English people are the most credulous in Europe. Provided that somebody, not an Englishman, tells them something sufficiently often and with sufficient vehemence, they swallow it whole without further ado. And as a great many of the better educated section of our musical amateurs have either received their musical education or travelled extensively in Germany, they soon come to believe that what the Germans say about English music is true, to wit, that there is none.

Now the attitude of these people is particularly deplorable, because it is precisely on them that we ought to be able to rely for help in the very necessary reorganisation of our musical community. But, as a rule, they have become so hypnotised by Germany that they actually prefer to stand aloof. Only in exceptional cases do they realise that what is wonderful, admirable beyond praise in German musical life, is the organisation, the thoroughness. I do not deny that this, like so many things in Germany, is very impressive, and only those who have lived for some time in the country can realise to what an allegiance it finally enthralls the mind. Nevertheless, a little reflection ought to show any unprejudiced person that the German musical machine, however admirable all the component parts, does as a matter of fact lack the one great essential, driving power. There are plenty of concerts given to the greater glory of Beethoven, Brahms, and Bruckner, innumerable theatres where adequate performances of the operas of Wagner—not to mention those stodgy, worthless productions of Lortzing and Flotow *et hoc genus omne*—can be enjoyed for a moderate price. But the singers are aggressively unmusical, the orchestras distinctly inferior to ours, and, as I have said already, contemporary composers of merit hardly seem to exist. In a sense, music in Germany is merely a glorification of the past, while our music, whatever its defects (and they are many), is at any rate very much alive.

Still, our quarrel is not with German musical *Kultur* for what it accomplishes in Germany, for, all things said and done, it has accomplished a very great deal that is worthy of admiration. I should not have attempted to belittle it at all if some English people were not so extravagant in singing its praise. Our quarrel with German musical *Kultur* is on account of the attitude it adopts to the musical *Kultur* of England.

True, in the German sense of the word, there may be very little musical *Kultur* in England at all—which is a pity as well as a blessing. But an Englishman who has specialised in music naturally resents the right, claimed, apparently, by any German Tom, Dick and Harry, to dismiss his opinions as negligible, simply because he is English. Let me give a personal instance.

Some years ago, when D'Albert's "Tiefland" (an opera recognised by all serious musicians, both German and English, as a poor mixture of Puccini and water) was proving the impeccable taste of German audiences by an almost incredible popularity, I happened to hear several opera-singers of my acquaintance in Weimar discussing its transcendent merits. I ventured to disagree, with the result that they turned on me and began to make various statements (believing them presumably to be arguments) as to why I was wrong. I tried to argue the point, giving my reasons, but I might as well have been talking to a flock of sheep. All they did was to baa at me, with politely veiled insinuations that I was an Englishman and could not be expected to understand these mysteries. Then an elderly contralto, a charming person, but with no musical education to speak of, came to my rescue: "But the Englishman is right. Many musicians say that the music of 'Tiefland' is not really good." I was saved, considered indeed henceforward as the extraordinary Englishman who knew something about music—but I have never forgiven the manner of my saving!

This absurd, trivial little story may be forgiven because it does, I believe, represent exactly the German point of view towards British musicians in general. Whatever their qualifications, they are judged of no account unless patronised and actively supported by Germans. And the German attitude towards our music is precisely similar. Very, very

occasionally, when some British composition is godfathered by an eminent German, it is listened to with kindly condescension, but the occasions are so rare as to be negligible. The rule is to pretend that there are no British compositions —which only proves once more the undoubted tendency of German *Kultur* to be quite incurious about the best accomplishments of other nations. For the more typically British the music, the less the Germans are interested in it. Thus the Berlin critics, a few years ago, dismissed the lovely songs of Dowland, Morley, and other Elizabethan composers as "pretty trifling," or words to that effect; and Purcell, Orlando Gibbons, Tallis are, naturally enough perhaps, mere names to the average German musician. They are hardly more to the average English amateur, so that for this we are not in a position to blame the Germans overmuch, though the complete musical education about which they are so fond of boasting might have been expected to familiarise them with such great masters.

True, a few British executive musicians have done well in Germany, and it is amusing, incidentally, to note how careful are their agents (too often Germans) to inform us of this amazing fact, as if it settled the question of their merit once and for all. But generally they are not given a fair hearing. They are considered to lack *Temperament*, that dangerous will-o'-the-wisp which has lured Germany not only to tolerate, but positively to admire the half-strangled voices of her perspiring tenors and the innumerable wrong notes banged indiscriminately by one highly dishevelled pianist after another.

To understand the reason of this prejudice against English music and musicians it is necessary to remember that, to the average German, England is by definition "the land without music." That musicians like Busoni and Richter, respected throughout Germany, have repeatedly pointed out the absurdity of this statement seems to have made very little difference. England has been, so to speak, catalogued; and when a German has once catalogued an opinion the laws of the Medes and Persians are fickle jades in comparison. That the prejudice has also had a purely political chauvinistic side it were idle to deny, but, speaking personally, I have not had much occasion to notice this aspect of the matter. What has impressed itself on my

mind, as, assuredly, on the minds of most foreigners familiar with Germany, is the narrowness, the lack of receptivity shown by the German æsthetic *quâ* æsthetic.

But the quarrel is not so much with the German musician as with his allies, the cosmopolitan clique that "runs" music in London. Naturally enough, these people care nothing for our nationalist movement. Why should they? They and people like them have been the enemies of national art ever since the days when Weber fought against Italianism in Germany, and Moussorgski, Balakirew and the rest fought for freedom in Russia. *Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose.* In reading the ridiculous, pro-German sarcasm hurled at Rimski-Korsakoff and his friends we suddenly realise that we are but quoting the enlightened remarks of most London critics and "cultured amateurs" about our own composers. And these people call the tune because, to a large extent, they pay the piper.

Admittedly, the real English musical public, the essentially democratic, middle-class public of the "Promenades," is not rich, and unfortunately the typical Englishman of the upper class is even more unmusical than his brother of Germany. But whereas in Germany the enriched middle class supports German music, in England the enriched middle class supports everything except English music. And a large section of it, being infected with German ideals, supports no music that is not approved by German *Kultur*. These are the people we have to convert. All English musicians ask is fair play and fair pay, for though it is, perhaps, impossible to define nationalism satisfactorily in æsthetic terms, it is not only possible, but easy, to express it in terms of economics. If henceforward it is the rule, not the exception, for an English musician to be able to earn a decent living, we may leave the æsthetic side of the question to be argued out later; because only the most arrant prejudice will deny the talent, actual and potential, to be found in England. What must be put an end to once and for all is the determination to keep English music foreign at all costs. Just as snobbish hostesses do literally insist that Englishmen who play their dance-music should dress up as Hungarians, so, metaphorically, Anglo-German *Kultur* has tried to make its own livery indispensable to musical success. That must stop.

Soldiers' Dependents

By Rowland Kenney

ALTHOUGH the new scale of allowances for wives and dependents of soldiers and sailors has done something to allay the deep irritation that was felt in many quarters, it has not satisfied anyone who is of the opinion that the defenders of the nation should be treated as something better than "cannon fodder," to be bought at the lowest market rates. Indeed, certain features of the latest scheme have tended to intensify some phases of the prevailing discontent. But before going on to deal with the present position, it will be as well to trace the development of the work of the departments responsible. First, then, it must be borne in mind that all classes, ever since the commencement, have realised that the present war is one of vital import. Press and Parliament alike have warned the nation that a supreme effort would be required, and that a supreme effort could not be made unless hundreds of thousands, even two or three millions, of men were withdrawn from civil life and turned into soldiers. This demand and the consequent prompt enlistment of some hundreds of thousands of men, raised a new problem. In the past we have recruited the regular army from the flotsam and jetsam of industrialism. Unemployment has been one of the best recruiting sergeants we have had. But when it came to millions of soldiers being required, other sources had to be tapped. The ordinary artisan class and the lower middle classes were largely affected, and these classes are generally used to fairly regular employment and some security of income. Obviously, men in such positions could not be enlisted, as so many of Britain's best fighters have previously been enlisted, by the offer of a

square meal and a trip abroad. They had homes and home ties; they were, to some extent, rooted and settled. Patriotism alone could move them; but the patriotism of such men, their love of the nation and their readiness to fight for its best traditions and ideals, naturally demanded that the nation should retain their homes and families in health whilst they were saving the country.

So the public passively acquiesced in the demands of a few for decent allowances for soldiers' dependents, and the Government quietly set out to pay according to the volume, or rather the noise, of the demand. Instead of meeting public opinion in generous mood and realising that as one man in the trenches is worth four men in the mart, they should pay the men in the trenches accordingly, they set out to haggle and bargle over pennies a day. But something was done. The Premier announced in Parliament that on and after the twelfth of October increased rates, from a minimum of 12*s.* 6*d.* a week, were to be paid to soldiers' wives and families. Until the date appointed there were scores of thousands of women and children who looked forward to the increase as to a new lease of life; but when the day came they received, instead of, say, the 12*s.* 6*d.*, their old pay of 9*s.* a week, and when the matter was investigated by one interested lady, she was coolly informed that the War Office had no power to pay allotments in the way the Premier had promised! Thus was witnessed the abrogation of Government in favour of the mandarins of Whitehall. Even that was not the worst. I have said that thousands of women were disappointed because they only received separation allowances according to the old standards; but thousands received nothing at all, as they had received nothing from the commencement of the war.

This muddle and mess and delay in the payment of separation allowances has been one of the most tragic features of the campaign so far as it has affected civil life. I know, as everyone knows, who has gone into the question at all, that recruiting has been heavily damaged by it; and whilst we are continually being told in certain quarters that all arrears have been made up, evidence is forthcoming that such is not the case, although improvements have been made. "Cases of non-payment are still a crying evil,"

writes a district visitor to me. "Of the fifty or sixty families I saw on Monday, there are cases where the payments are five, six, and seven weeks overdue, for all of which full details with certificates have been before the departments." This lady wrote to headquarters over one long delay. On the 9th of the month marriage lines and birth certificates were sent, and on the 21st *two* replies were received. Now just note these replies, both posted the same afternoon: (1) "Your marriage and birth certificates are returned herewith, necessary details have been recorded and a claim for separation allowance, for yourself and your children have been passed." (2) "If you will send birth certificates on to us arrears will be paid." So far as the first ten weeks of the campaign went, the position was positively frightful. I could give scores of instances of delay and trouble, but one or two typical cases will suffice. Before mentioning these, however, there is another point to note: the increased scale of allowances announced for the 12th of October was regarded by the soldiers and their dependents as a real, full increase from the State. They found later that it was nothing of the kind. The men were expected to pay towards it; refusal, in some instances, has led to domestic trouble. A private, out of his miserable 1*s.* 1*d.* a day, was expected to allot 6*d.* a day towards his wife's, and 1*d.* a day, up to 1*s.* 9*d.* a week, towards his children's separation allowance—and, even so, the wives are not always getting the allotment. Such meanness and blundering on the part of the nation are almost incredible, but they are facts. Here, then, is one instance: Private U. of the Northumberland Fusiliers is married, and has three children. His wife is in a delicate state of health. Appreciating her position he writes stating that he has allotted her 9*d.* a day from his pay. According to the revised scale, this should bring her allowance up to £1 a week; as a matter of fact, she receives 14*s.* 9*d.* And this is not an isolated instance; there are certainly hundreds and almost certainly thousands similar. From numerous other cases with which I have come in contact, I may mention one where the man is foregoing the allotment, his wife has not received it, and, out of the 14*s.* 9*d.* per week she has received, she has not only kept four people, but has also sent boots, socks, and shirts to her husband, because the

Government has failed to supply them, and his health has suffered in consequence. Periods of waiting for from five to ten weeks without receiving a penny are of too common occurrence to be given in detail, but one amazing thing worth noting is that, in many instances, the pay has been sent, with arrears up to a certain date, and has then been stopped again. One private's wife received, not her full allowance of 20*s*., but 12*s*. 6*d*., a week, up to October 1st, and then payment stopped for another long period. On October 19th, the War Office issued a large advertisement "To Soldiers' Wives," intimating that an Inquiry Office had been opened at Whitehall where complaints with explanations would be dealt with. This gave rise to great hopes that affairs would soon be straightened out, but the vast majority of women I know who used the Office were merely given printed forms intimating that they ought to have applied to the official responsible. As the official responsible was the Paymaster who had failed to pay, and from whom they had found it impossible to obtain satisfaction, this looked very much like adding insult to injury.

So now we come to the present scale. On the 10th of last month the Government issued a White Paper, about eight weeks overdue, according to the Premier's own statement, setting out a new scale of allowances and pensions in respect of seamen, marines, and soldiers; and their wives, widows, and dependents. Compared to the old starvation standard, the new one marks a liberal advance, and I will enumerate its virtues before criticising it. The chief items relate to the pensions for widows and children of men killed in the war; and for pensions to men who are partially or totally disabled. In the first case the advance runs for a private—

Widow with four children	20/–	a week	instead of	11/–
Widow with three children	17/6	"	"	9/6
Widow with two children	15/–	"	"	8/–
Widow with one child	12/6	"	"	6/6
Widow without children	7/6	"	"	5/–

In the case of total disablement, the life pension for a single man of the lowest rank (apart from what he may receive from insurance funds) is 14*s*. a week, and for a married man with no children 16*s*. 6*d*. a week. In the matter of separation allowances, there is practically no

change from the October 12th scale. I give it in tabular form:—

—	Government Allowance	Allotment from Private	Income of Wife and Children thus
	s. *d.*	*s.* *d.*	*s.* *d.*
Wife and four children	18 6		22 0
Wife and three children	16 6		20 0
Wife and two children	14 0	3 6	17 6
Wife and one child	11 6		15 0
Wife without children	9 0		12 6
Additional for each child in excess of four	2 0	Nil	2 0

The point about this to which the strongest objection has been raised is the paltry sum of *7s.* 6*d.* allotted to childless widows. How any group of men—even Government officials—could put forward such a proposition passes my comprehension. Then the 14*s.* a week for a totally disabled man is preposterous. But the worst of all is the continuance of the deduction of *3s.* 6*d.* from the soldier's pay. To pay a soldier *7s.* 7*d.* a week and then tell him that his family will not be properly provided for unless he hands back half of it is contemptible. And, added to all this, soldiers' dependents are now to be put under police surveillance. The Army Council has addressed to Chief Constables, with a covering letter from the Home Office, a memorandum, of which the first sentence runs: "The Army Council desire to have the assistance of the police in the measures which are being taken to provide for the withholding of separation allowances payable to wives or dependents of soldiers in the event of serious misconduct on the part of the recipient." Even at this hour, apparently, the pay of soldiers and the allowance to their wives is to be regarded as a dole instead of a national obligation for services rendered. As Lord Midleton frankly put it, "The dependents of soldiers should receive their allowances, after proper investigation, as a favour, and not as a right." But he and a few other purists would not end even there. They are sore troubled about the temptations to which women with a regular income of a few shillings a week will be subject. The payment of

allowances to "women supported by soldiers with no legal tie" is a "fruitless extension of an unsound principle." Such a procedure, says Lord Midleton, "will be considered by all who have specially at heart the moral and religious well being of the country to strike at the root of morality." Quite so. We must make our soldiers and their dependents moral, if we starve them to death in the process. Besides, if we keep the women who are not legally tied moral, by refusing to pay them their just dues, look what we shall save. Business as usual!

Let me now turn to a brighter side of the subject and show where the matter has been dealt with somewhat more decently, and thus indicate what might be done all round. On many British railways the directors have agreed to make up the pay of their men with the colours to four-fifths of their ordinary wages. That is a perfectly logical and definite procedure (though it does not generally apply to single men). In the following table you will note, of course, that whilst B and C are rated as privates, A is of higher rank:—

	Usual Weekly Wage	Half Army Pay	Separation Allowance from Army	Supplemental Allowance (Treasury Grant)	Amount from Company to make up 4/5ths	Total
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. a.	£ s. d.
A	2 2 2	0 4 8	0 9 11	0 9 0	0 10 2	1 13 9
B	2 0 0	0 3 6	0 7 7	0 7 0	0 13 11	1 12 0
C	1 10 0	0 3 6	0 7 7	0 8 0	0 4 11	1 4 0

Since that table was compiled the separation allowance, as per figures already given, has been increased from 7*s.* 7*d.* to 9*s.*; but the difference does not go to the soldier, it relieves the company. There is so much less for the company to pay to make up the full total to four-fifths of the man's wages. My proposal, then, is that the Government should take this railway standard of four-fifths of income as a general standard, with a maximum of, say, fifty shillings a week, and that the cash should be apportioned and paid direct to the soldiers and their dependents without any

arbitrary deductions or police investigations. But, it may be objected, in the case of railwaymen, it is purely a question of philanthropy on the part of the companies. That is purely a blind. The companies are getting the credit for it, as usual, but the cash will come out of the pockets of the public. Some railway officials actually took credit to themselves for their generosity in paying the "Supplemental Allowance"—it is paid through them—until an official of the Railway Clerks' Association approached the Government Department and elicited the information that the Treasury had made itself responsible for that grant. Railway officials are built that way. And similarly with the amount from companies to make up four-fifths—but this needs some little explanation. As everyone knows, at the beginning of the war the railways were, to all intents and purposes, nationalised. The Government is responsible for the making up of receipts to last year's rates. In short, the nation will pay the railway companies their dividends this year. So that, when the sum in column headed "Amount from Company to make up four-fifths" has been put down to working expenses, railway shareholders will be able to compliment themselves upon having been *so* generous to their employees, at a net cost of—absolutely nothing. Therefore, to come back to the direct point, one group of industrial workers is being paid by the State four-fifths of its ordinary income whilst soldiering, and, if it is right to pay one group, it is right to pay all. The only thing required is the utilisation of different machinery. So the need of the hour is this: A new scale of four-fifths of income, with a maximum of 50*s*. a week, for every soldier, seaman, or marine, to be allotted part to the man himself, and part to his dependents as arranged; all sums to be paid through the Post Office; the recognition that the payment is made as a right, thus abolishing all police or other inquisition; and the consequent closing down of numerous charitable agencies and the release of their workers for more productive labour. Let us hope that the Select Committee that has been appointed will come to some such conclusion.

"Henry IV"

Hot. "O Gentlemen! The time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is just."

It is a rousing entertainment at His Majesty's: the boisterous jollity of Falstaff, the rhetoric of impetuous Hotspur, the armour, the old English spirit, the melodious Prince of Wales—all these things are a delight. In Sir Herbert's Falstaff there is a suggestion of the inner self-consciousness that is wholly admirable, and if only Hotspur could spit, stammer, and sputter in the Kaiser's face as he does at Bolingbroke, Zounds! that Monarch would be astonished. A better way to spend the evening could not be imagined. At Christmas time it should be *the* place for the boys, for they will learn many things and find much doughty episode and cheer.

"And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation."

That comes from the second part, but the spirit is splendidly manifest in Part I., which in every way meets the occasion. No one thinks of Zeppelins in the presence of Falstaff.

S. O.

Books

BIOGRAPHICAL

THE SECRET OF AN EMPRESS. By COUNTESS ZANARDI LANDI. (Cassell.) 16*s.* net.

WE took up this volume not without misgiving. But that flavour of courtly rottenness which generally hangs about this class of literature is not at all pronounced here. On the contrary, the book is a protest against everything of the kind—the author is animated with all the Empress Elizabeth's hatred of restraint and conventionality. Its title, to be sure, is a "popular" one, and may well have been chosen with a view to appealing to snobs of every class, with a view to "selling." It deserves to sell. We hope it will bring all the material profit possible to those concerned, for Countess Landi is unquestionably entitled to every kind of compensation she can extract out of this world.

She tells her tale with such straightforward simplicity that these pages, we think, will not fail to procure her a number of new friends. Vivid sidelights are thrown upon the manifold tragedies and absurdities of the House of Hapsburg and the fantastic ritual (there is no other word for it) which orders the life of the Austrian Court, that perverse institution overhung by the mephitic vapours of jesuitry, where the Empress may not even see her own children unless her visit is announced twenty-four hours beforehand; where everybody, up to the very head of the State, moves about like puppets in some sinister pantomime. There is a good little bit, too, about the Empress's ideas of what constitutes a "small villa." *Mother had intended to have a small villa at Corfu, with beautiful gardens attached to it. The cost was not meant to exceed a million pounds in English money.* The merest labourer's cottage!

BOOKS

We would like very much to know the name of the Italian publisher who was officially hindered from printing this interesting document, and also that of the French firm which agreed to suppress it for a consideration of forty thousand francs.

MY OWN STORY. By EMMELINE PANKHURST. (Eveleigh Nash.) 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

PEOPLE who expect to find a compilation of sensations in this volume will be disappointed, for it is a plain matter-of-fact chronicle of the women's movement, with no attempt at personal revelation; indeed, from the critical point of view, there is little to say, except to take side either for or against the author, which is not the critic's business. Mrs. Pankhurst is frank and explicit. She declares boldly the intention of the women to revert to arms when the men's war is over. She makes no effort to see anything but the feminist side. She condemns the Government as "Torturers," etc., with the rigour of the game; plainly, she is a no-compromise woman. She evidently thinks the physical force argument sufficient—if the women won't eat they must have the vote. That, of course, is also the German philosophy of life. In the meanwhile, Mrs. Pankhurst and her admirable suffragist organisations might well devote themselves to keep women from the public houses.

FICTION

THE PRICE OF LOVE. By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Methuen.) 6*s.*

ONE had heard the talk of Arnold Bennett being "played out," boomed to death, writing mere pot-boilers for gigantic sums, &c.—the price a man pays in this country for fame—so that it was in a hypercritical spirit that I opened this book which, in my mind, was going to decide me as to whether Mr. Bennett was really an artist or not. Another work on the Five Towns! I felt I had "got" him this time. But I became interested, and read on, and the thing positively thrilled me. I finished Mr. Bennett's latest and I am not sure it is not his best. It is much more than very good. There is drama in the conception, a big treatment which may be called Balzacian. Without the smallest pandering to modern sentiment, without any sort

of melodrama, incident, or novelistic fireworks, this book is positively exciting, and it is so because Mr. Bennett writes life, reveals it, lets us see it as it is, neither wholly bad nor wholly good, and when we close the book we feel we know these people intimately. The beginning is admirable, only a master hand could have done that, and then the thing develops, sweeps on into tragedy and again lapses into the serio-comedy of life, and ends so without a curtain, leaving us with just a picture. All the characters are etched in with consummate skill. After his fashion, the girl he gives us is a beautiful type; his hero is the smart young man generalised in the "card." Personally, I find it difficult to read the modern novel. I was surprised at the interest I found in this work. And I have taken a decision. I believe this work definitely to class Mr. Bennett as a writer of quite remarkable subtlety and perception; as a novelist of genius. This perhaps all the more in that the material he uses is not particularly inspiring or romantic, yet he makes it both. The reason is that he always works from beneath and on the Truth.

THE SECOND BLOOMING. By W. L. GEORGE. (Fisher Unwin.) 6*s*.

THIS book was conceived (obviously) before the war, when we were all talking sex and suffrage, and there was much stress in the land. Its theme, therefore, is adultery; it is written from the Woman's Movement point of view: it is thus a problem story, in which the husbands are drawn after rather a stock pattern of British egoism and imbecility. This is rather annoying just now—it seems so remote; but still Mr. George cannot be blamed for not anticipating the war. Sometimes, however, his English is odd—"shrill caviare" sounds queer, and a woman who "smiled beately," seems rather Gallic. None the less, there is sound and earnest work in this novel, work of a very promising kind. Mr. George is a keen observer, somewhat of a thinker, moreover a bit of a cynic (in the French sense). Plainly, he is a student of women. He understands their moods and needs, their difficulties, what we laymen call their "mystery." And here we find Mr. George provokingly interesting. He is rather inclined to "lay it on," perhaps. He is unmistakably on their side. But this is no endowment scheme for adultery. Mr. George sees the other side. On the whole, he is fair; he is sensible.

In his study of the three sisters, maternity plays its fitting part. After the war it will play once more an all-important one. This is certainly a clever book. It makes one believe in the author as a writer of distinction.

THE WIFE OF SIR ISAAC HARMAN. By H. G. WELLS. (Macmillan and Co.) 6*s*.

THIS, presumably, was to have been a suffragette novel, something for us all to talk about. A quite ferociously vulgar and horrid *nouveau riche* is the villain, a preposterously ornate, artificial fellow possessing a wife, tall and slender, who sees life beautifully; who was married to wealth out of the school-room, who passes her life having babies until she meets the refined and cultured literary man of infinite understanding. It is amusing enough—Mr. Wells is always interesting; but it is meccano fiction and really rather slovenly, especially stylistically. Oddly enough, the only firm character in the book is the vulgarian Sir Isaac who, at any rate, is a man, though apparently it was Mr. Wells' object to "show up" the other people, for the most part curiously like cinema figures flitting inconclusively about. The wife does not bite in at all. If she is supposed to stand for woman's *autonomy* as against man's possession, then the Beast is preferable to the Beauty; but of course this is no new discovery. Somehow this book strikes a dyspeptic note. It is not the Wells of Tono or the Macchiavelli. Or is it that he is pulling our legs? No serious critic can venture to call this more than "another novel." If he were to be serious about it, he might flesh his critical wit both upon its general want of grace and form. Such phrases as "the manifest spending of great lots of money on" rather jar. The Irish never write carelessly like that.

SINISTER STREET. Volume II. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. (Martin Secker.) 6*s*.

THE temptation to write a long disquisition about this book is strong, yet must be resisted, space not permitting it. And it is a pity, for "Sinister Street" provides rich material for controversy. Itself touching upon so many profundities, phases, and ideas, it provokes criticism to an unusual extent, moreover, it culminates in a conversion to Rome. This part is the weakest in the book, for its

reason is not obvious, nor has the author taken pains to explain it. One has to take it, as it were, *cum grano*. For the rest, the novel is genuinely interesting. The picture of Oxford, of the good young man (an English type) passing through that delicious phase of youth, is quite admirable. Then there is London—Bohemian London, the "gay" life. Mr. Mackenzie is plainly half philosopher, half æsthete. He can speak from the inside of women; he is fearless, sincere, an artist. If the conversion is rather temperamental than convincing, it is suggestive, as all the work of this author is. He understands the "Lilys" of this world. Altogether, this is an arresting production, a performance of literary merit.

THE UNTILLED FIELD. By GEORGE MOORE. (Heinemann.) 6*s*.

IN this re-issue of stories, Mr. George Moore makes not only a discovery, but a literary claim; the value of the neglected stories; further, that it was from these stories that Synge drew the inspiration of his form and idiom which, up till now, has been a mystery. Mr. Moore contends that Synge's Playboy is derived from his "Playhouse in the West." It is a nice point. On the facts, we believe Mr. Moore to be right. These stories reveal a new character in Moore—sentiment and a depth of feeling which astonish. Without all question, they are beautiful studies of life, beautiful pieces of idiom. In "The Clerk's Guest," the author touches chords which set one wondering almost in despair, thinking, too, about Mr. Moore—the newly-revealed philosopher, deep and tender at heart. The real fact is that in Moore we have our counterpart of Anatole France, and, characteristically, it is Mr. George Moore who is discovering this for us, bidding us now, with gentle irony, just to look into this work he wrote years ago to convince ourselves of the truth. The first of the young men, Moore still leads: in what is called style he has no rival.

THE THREE SISTERS. By MAY SINCLAIR. (Hutchinson and Co.) 6*s*.

IT had become the fashion—before the war—to portray the unhappy lot of women, the helplessness of their posi-

tion in modern conditions, and here we have such a family, three sisters living the lonely life with their father, and a vicar at that. As a study, the book has a curious power; these are real women and the "soft one" gets the man in the end, as so often is the way in life. Miss Sinclair has a penetrating vision, she is fair to her sex, she is one of our really interesting writers, and in this work she has struck a new manner of presentation. These girls lie about, come and go, like elegant cats. Well, well, the war may change our views about the "unhappy" sex. But we shall remember these sisters.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THE BOOK OF BABY DOGS. By E. J. DETMOLD and CHARLES KABERRY. 6*s.* net.

THE NEW CHUMS. By JOSEPH BOWES. 5*s.*

THE LOST WORLD. By A. CONAN DOYLE. 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE COMPLETE SCOUT. Edited by MORLEY ADAMS. 2*s.* 6*d.*

A GENTLEMAN AT ARMS. By HERBERT STRANG. 6*s.*

A HERO OF LIÈGE. By HERBERT STRANG. 3*s.* 6*d.*

HERBERT STRANG'S BOOK OF ADVENTURE STORIES. 5*s.*

THE BLUE BOOK OF BRITISH NAVAL BATTLES. Edited by HERBERT STRANG. 2*s.* 6*d.*

THE RED BOOK OF BRITISH BATTLES. Edited by HERBERT STRANG. 2*s.* 6*d.*

THE BROWN BOOK FOR BOYS. Edited by HERBERT STRANG. 2*s.* 6*d.*

HERBERT STRANG'S ANNUAL. 5*s.* net.

(Henry Frowde. Hodder and Stoughton.)

WE cannot be too grateful to this firm for their enterprise in producing, at this period of national crisis, such a noble variety of Christmas books for boys. They are all admirably written and illustrated, and the youngster who cannot find something to his taste here must be hard to please. Mr. Herbert Strang dominates the list, and one of these days we hope to find out his secret—the secret, namely, how he contrives to be so interesting and write, uniformly, with such dash, originality, and good taste.

WOMEN THE WORLD OVER. By MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE. (Hutchinson and Co.) 16*s.* net.

A BOOK by Mrs. Alec Tweedie, the renowned traveller, is always an event, not in the literary sense, but from its sheer high spirits and a kind of "I told you so, now shut up" attitude, which really is very catching. The cream of this book—an amazing compilation of platitudes, paradoxes, aphorisms, and maxims—is without question "love is like treacle: it sticks." Though this is precisely what the German professors told us is not the case, it will surely take the palm in the year 1914.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

MEMOIRS OF THE KAISER'S COURT. By ANNE TOPHAM. Second Edition. (Methuen.) 10*s.* 6*d.*

IT is good to re-peruse, at the present juncture, this book by Miss Topham, who lived awhile at the Berlin Court in the character of governess. For one cannot help thinking, as one reads her shrewd comments on events and personalities, that she must have felt rather like a fish out of water in that environment; and wondering at the same time whether, if the authorities had imported fifty governesses of this type instead of only one, this additional leaven of common sense and decent feeling would have worked any appreciable change upon the texture of the Imperial household. Probably not. The Prussian Court, with its chill and glittering hierarchy, is not sensible to stimuli of the humane kind. His Majesty, we gather, has a jocosely-brutal knack of making unpleasant remarks about the English; he nicknames this governess "the Dreadnought"; he is considerably given to rolling his eyes half-angrily, and threatening with his forefinger: altogether, rather an objectionable fellow, seen from this angle of private life. And, unfortunately, he gets everything his own way. Yet that reception at Metz cannot have been altogether to his taste. "Their entry into this town must have seemed strange indeed to their Majesties, accustomed as they are to smiling, shouting crowds. Here there was no welcome, no smile, not a single flag. The people who stood in the

streets looked on idly, like spectators of a curious show, as the long procession of carriages with their outriders moved on, to the sound only of the rumble of their own wheels."

TRAVEL

WITH POOR EMIGRANTS TO AMERICA. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. (Macmillan.) 8*s.* 6*d.*

MR. GRAHAM has been on tramp, as usual. And he does it quite well. He loafs about, talking blandly to all sorts of poor people, recording their opinions on politics and so forth, and building up, for the readers of *Harper's Magazine* and ourselves, a naïf picture of these humbler aspects of transatlantic life. In the evening he lies down on some bit of waste land, cooks his coffee, reads a chapter of the Gospel, and curls up to sleep. He rather likes it. And we rather like him.

APPEARANCES. By C. LOWES DICKINSON. (Dent.) 4*s.* 6*d.*

THEY who find Mr. Graham's outlook a little cloying will discover a wholesome corrective in these "Appearances." Mr. Dickinson says he hesitated whether to republish these papers on America. He has done wisely to overcome those scruples. From every point of view they are worth reprinting: they are suggestive, vigorous, veracious. Altogether, we confess to be pleasantly surprised by this volume; it is better than a wilderness of academic disquisitions on The Good and The Beautiful. How well he has done to escape awhile out of the drowsy atmosphere of mediævalism, of Platonic futility, which hangs about our University life, and to come in contact with actualities! Those Eastern vignettes are especially admirable. Mr. Dickinson is a scholar: we all know that. But he is also, and chiefly, an Englishman. It is difficult to conceive a foreigner writing sketches of this intuitive *justesse*. Your Latin grows spectacular and flamboyant; the German forthwith prostitutes his racial characteristics and becomes (for example) more Buddhistic than Buddha; the Slavonic mind is too restlessly sensuous, too swayed

by externals, too fluid to retain a clear-cut impression. That capacity of assimilating the ideas of strange folk, of remaining true to his own standard while unravelling an alien mentality with sympathetic discernment—that gift of insight is the Englishman's prerogative. These pages, besides being a good example of Anglo-Saxon travel-literature, are a microcosmic illustration of the spirit which has made our Colonial Empire.

THROUGH SIBERIA, THE LAND OF THE FUTURE. By FRIDTJOF NANSEN. (Heinemann.) 15*s.* net.

A PONDEROUS tome—symbolical, possibly, of the limitless plains of Siberia—with many good illustrations. The book comes at an opportune moment, and contains a mine of information about those vast unexplored regions, their half-wild inhabitants, forests, rivers, and mineral wealth; as well as shrewd appreciations on things in general. But one must read oneself into it with a certain patience, for the style, at first glance, is curiously bald and undistinguished.

NOTE.—Mr. Austin Harrison's War articles with considerable additions and some entirely new chapters are now published under the title of "The Kaiser's War." 2*s.* net. (Allen and Unwin.)

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